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# Bitter Sweet

August, 1980 *The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region* Vol. III, No. 9





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## BitterSweet Views

Printmaking is a highly developed art which most secondary schools aren't able to explore in any depth. Such is not the case at Gould Academy in Bethel, however, as is clearly evidenced by this month's cover.

At Gould, art students do more than scratch the surface of the technique. Jim Owen, head of the academy's art department, has developed a many-faceted program of drawing and design which provides students with an impressive background for instructor Jan Dolson's printmaking course. Art majors explore several varieties of printmaking, from etching to lithography.

At the suggestion of Editor Nancy Marcotte, who will be practice teaching at Gould this fall, Dolson sent us a striking collection of linoleum block prints for consideration as covers. This month's selection was done by Paul Cook, a 12th-grader at Gould. We will be choosing others in the next few months. Still more may be seen in the future on display at the academy's newly renovated art center.

Marcotte, whose first try at **BitterSweet** fiction, "The Meadow/Lea," appears on page 17, also took time this month for appearances at Positively Maine Street to catch the PMS Express (page 23) and at Oxford Plains Speedway where she had a look at the races along with brother Alan Chute (page 4).

Carol Gestwicki tells a true life story (page 36) about the sad fate of a local family of loons; Celia Puffer recalls her days as a hiker at Harrison's Camp Bendito (page 8) and Cora Thurston stirs up a series of fond childhood memories involving horses she has known and sometimes loved (page 10).

Book reviewer Wini Drag changes hats this month for a look at what's new at the Celebration Mime Barn (page 7); veteran rockhound Jane Perham has some hints for collecting minerals locally (page 15) and poet



Nancy Marcotte, associate editor of *BitterSweet*.

Otta Louise Chase treats readers to some tips on how to begin a button collection.

**BitterSweet** newcomer James Keil of Naples has a whimsical look at his move to Maine (page 51) in which he answers for all of us that familiar query "Is it worth it?" After reflecting on harsh winters, economic slowdowns and other intrinsic hardships, the answer, concludes Keil, has got to be . . . maybe. □

Sandy Wilhelm

## BitterSweet

RFD, Box 24, Buckfield, Me. 04220, (207) 336-2517

Michael & Sandy Wilhelm, Publisher & Editor

Nancy Marcotte, Associate Editor

Paula Hutchinson, Layout Artist

Tom Stockwell, Advertising Manager

Lottie Record, Distribution Manager

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# Goings On : August Spotlight

## OXFORD PLAINS SPEEDWAY

"Auto racing is Maine's family spectator sport." So states the brochure of Oxford Plains Speedway, the state's most popular racing facility. That boast is well proved by the 6000 or more people who show up weekly on the windy plains along Route 26.

Hundreds of competitors arrive weekly as well, hauling their cars from all over New England and Canada to compete in the four regular classes at Oxford. In addition to the classifications of Street Stock, Charger, and Late Model Sportsman, OPS claims the only Figure Eight racing in Maine. It also provides an exciting eight-part series of Open Competition races during the summer which brings all kinds of cars and extra prize money to the 1/3-mile asphalt track.

Each driver at the speedway commands a loyal retinue of fans complete with t-shirts, bumper stickers, and photos of their favorites. But it's not just the local drivers who bring out the fanatic in the fans. Oxford Plains also hosts the spectacular "Noyes-Cooper Oxford 250" race which brings national drivers from the famed southern circuit to Maine each July and fills the 10,000-seat grandstand to capacity. This year the event was even more prestigious, since it promised championship points sanctioned by the National Association of Stock Car Automobile Racing (NASCAR) in Daytona, Florida.

The promotion of the Oxford 250 as one of the six most important short races in the country (so named by *Stock Car Racing Magazine*) is one of the reasons for the success of Oxford Plains Speedway. It is an example of the racing professionalism of track owner Robert Bahre which has built the speedway's reputation since the 1960's.

The winner of the Oxford 250 goes home with \$10,000 from the promoter's purse, plus extra "contingency" dollars from each stock car manufacturer whose parts he runs. The competition is fierce to be among the 36 cars that qualify for the event and excitement is high as cars spin for 250+ laps around the 54-ft. wide banked course and propel themselves through at least one highly dramatic refueling pit stop.

Each year summer tourists swell the ranks of the faithful. But come September when the racing season is reaching its conclusion in a big Triple Crown Series, there will still be enthusiastic fans looking on.

Why is stock car racing such a powerful attraction? Speedway public relations man Tom Elliman says it's a combination of factors, beginning with the make up of its local audience and the fact that, in spite of its rural location, OPS is quite near large population centers. Then there's the fact that Bob Bahre opens the track up for all types of cars: more cars bring more fans.

For the racers who tour the NASCAR points circuit (mostly in the southern states) national championship rules must be followed. These strictly delineate each piece of equipment and regulate cars countrywide. OPS rules are briefer, basically covering safety features such as fire protection, roll cages, seat belts and tires (only one kind of tire is allowed on the track). And of course the car must be "stock"—with parts appropriate to its age and make.

For local stock car pilots, the excitement began in 1949 when George Damon of Norway built the first dirt oval on Oxford Plains. Hayward Luck modernized the facilities when he bought them in 1961 and ran them until Bahre took over. □

Nancy Marcotte

## A NIGHT AT THE RACES

That evening, I drove to the Speedway, found a parking place near the main gate and parked my car. I was immediately engulfed in a deafening din as I climbed out. Mesmerized, I approached the ticket booth. The earth seemed to vibrate under my feet as I paid for my ticket and made my way through the gate. Quickly purchasing an Official Race Program from a young boy, I proceeded up the ramp toward the track, toward the source of that tremendous sound. I ascended to about halfway up the grandstand and took a seat which was trembling in tune with the thundering engines.

From this vantage point I caught my first glimpse of the noisemakers. Their sound was not unlike that made by the old Ford my friends and I used to drive around fields with no muffler. Their appearance, however, was very much unlike the old Ford's. While the Ford was a faded blue color with rusted-out polka dots, most of these cars were of a beautiful shiny color with no rust in sight.

Loudly they sped around the asphalt oval taking their practice laps. The drivers were fond of shifting gears as they passed from left to right in front of the stands. The car's number as well as its



sponsors (businesses who pay money to have their names painted on the car) were emblazoned on the grandstand side of the car. Two young race fans in front of me were playing a game to see how many times a car had to go around before they had read all the sponsor's names.

Growing accustomed to the noise, I began thumbing through my race program. There was a lot more to this game, I realized, than just driving cars around in circles. From the Point Standings listed in the back I learned the names of the different categories of race cars: Sportsmen, Chargers, Street Stock, Figure Eight and Powder Puff. Interesting names, I thought. But what did they mean?



I scanned the crowd around me, looking for some astute Oxford Plains regular who might be able to fill me in on these divisions. As I looked to my left I discovered what must have been a regular. He was dressed in a navy blue racing jacket with a Purolator Oil patch on the front, red and white stripes running down the sleeves, the words "Oxford Plains Speedway" and "Sportsman #5" hand-sewn on the back. Besides the jacket, he wore a plain white tee shirt, faded blue jeans, and heavy work boots. He was a middle-aged man, mid-forties I suspected, and upon his head was a well-worn blue and white hat bearing the Oxford Plains Speedway insignia on the front.

"Hello," I said as I moved over and sat next to him.

"How do?," he replied slowly.

"This is my first race here and I was wondering if you could explain some of these divisions to me," I said.

He looked at me as if I was from outer space.

"What's the difference between a Charger and a Sportsman?," I asked quickly.

"Only difference is the Sportsman's got an eight cylinder engine and the Charger, she's got a six," he answered. "The Sportsman's a lot faster a' course, but the Chargers put on a fair race."

"What about the Street Stocks?," I continued.

"Street Stocks is one step below Chargers," he said.

Having some idea of what the Figure Eight was,

I asked, "What about the Powder Puffs?" "Women," he said, a small smile coming to his lips. "Women take the men's cars n' race." Then, leaning aside to me as if not wanting his wife to hear, he said, "Personally, if they wuz my cars, I wouldn't let no women near 'em."

With growing anticipation I observed as the race cars concluded their practice laps. The prerecorded country music that had been flowing over the loudspeaker gave way to the race announcer's voice as a fog of burnt gasoline and oil settled thickly in the air.

The preliminary races (called "heats") took up most of the first hour or two of racing. These heats are the qualifying events for the feature races of the respective divisions. The way it looked to me, almost any driver who made it through the heats without breaking his car could race in the feature. This was no small feat. In a fifteen-lap heat at Oxford Plains there can be as many accidents as there are in an entire televised portion of a Daytona 500.

Accidents give this kind of racing its unique flavor. They seemed to turn the crowd on. We delighted in seeing a car that had been in excellent condition at the start of the race go limping off the track, a mass of crumpled metal, vital parts dragging on the ground, leaving behind a trail of sparks and smoke. This was all part of the game. For this reason I think, the Figure Eight race was thrown in between the regular racing events.

I was correct in assuming that the Figure Eight was a race in which the drivers drove around in the figure of an eight. But this does not come close to describing the Figure Eight race at Oxford Plains. The drivers had no concern for their bodies or their cars as they raced through the intersection. Clearly, the theme was survival. Those with poor judgment did not survive. Their cars were scraped up and carried off the track. The winners were those who stopped at almost nothing and were experts at avoiding inevitable collisions. Still, I have recurring nightmares about meeting one of those guys at a four-way stop sign.

Finally, the program climaxed with the last race of the evening: The Sportsman Feature. The preceding races were just a build-up for this one. The Star Spangled Banner concluded, the drivers climbed into their cars, and the announcer uttered those famous words, "Gentlemen, start your engines!" Immediately that deafening roar began again, now louder than ever. Filled with excitement, I glanced at my friend in the Purolator jacket. He was surrounded by several others in similar attire all cheering loudly, "C'mon Mike!" From behind me a rival group countered, "Show 'em how to do it, George!" High up in the stands to my right yet another legion of fans responded with, "This is your night, Skipper!" I felt alone with no one to cheer for. I looked down to the very end of the line of race cars now following the pace car around the track. A sucker for underdogs, I chose the very last car. "C'mon 47!," I bellowed,



## (Goings On continued)

feeling now like I belonged.

The pace car exited and the race began. The cars were running at their fastest, smoothest pace of the night. "47" moved up three places and every car maneuvered for a better position.

"Look! The Second Turn!" someone yelled.

I quickly looked over in that direction. A cloud of dust was blocking our view of the cars. How many were there? Which cars were involved? The dust cleared, revealing the accident and the two cars involved. A car had spun sideways in the track and "47" rammed right into it. Soon the race ended. I felt happy for the winners who were jumping up and down in the stands but disappointed for the car I had picked to cheer for. What a cruel turn of fate that had forced "47" out of the running so early. It wasn't even his fault!

On the way back to my car, I passed a souvenir booth. The booth contained hats, jackets, shirts, sweatshirts, and patches all bearing the Oxford Plains insignia along with various other souvenirs. The main attraction, however, was a rather large display of photographs, big and small, color and black-and-white, depicting cars and drivers in action. The photos were arranged in numerical order according to the division in which the cars raced. This is a little too much, I thought. But one particular picture caught my eye.

"How much for that one?" I asked the woman in the booth.

"Two dollars," she said.

I handed her the money and she handed me a bag containing a beautiful little color picture of #47 Sportsman with driver standing outside. □

*Alan Chute  
South Paris*

## Commemorating Founder's Day

A tour of Paris Hill's picturesque Hamlin Memorial Library, a display of classic antique cars belonging to hill resident Bob Bahre and a giant flea market on the green will commemorate the library's Founder's Day on August 30. Events will be held from 8 am-4 pm. Modest admission fees will benefit the library and museum, which displays artifacts belonging to Harry Lyon, navigator of the first airplane to fly across the Pacific Ocean and a summer resident on the hill.

## Touring Bridgton

Two house tours are scheduled for August in the lake-studded resort town of Bridgton, Maine. On August 10 from 1 to 6 pm a Tour of Historic Houses will spotlight eight of Bridgton's beautiful old homes. The following Sunday, August 17, from 1 to 6 pm a Creative Living House Tour focuses on a variety of creative and innovative

features in eight additional homes.

Tickets are available in advance through Jude Webber, RFD 2 Box 31, Bridgton, Me. 04009. A limited number of tickets will be sold. For more information call (207) 647-8879. Both house tours benefit the projects of the Stevens Brook Heritage Trust, a non-profit organization which is establishing a Bridgton greenbelt along Stevens Brook from Highland Lake to Long Lake.

Two houses to be shown on the Historic House have recently been mentioned in **Historic Preservation in the Greater Portland Area**, a book published in 1979 by the Greater Portland Council of Governments and Portland Landmarks to draw attention to "areas and buildings which should be considered for preservation" because of their historical and architectural significance.

These are the D. Stevens Collins residence, built in 1850 by Charles Lamson and extensively altered in the 1930's by Walter Hawkins (whose additions include an authentic Bavarian rathskeller), and the Edward B. Simpson home, built in 1842 by Judge Nathaniel Littlefield in the Greek revival style with a temple front and upper and lower columned verandas. On the Creative Living House Tour, guests will be treated to a wide variety of innovations including the Andrew Sanborn's original and charming terraces and out-buildings. Also on view: the Peter Terry's energy-conserving south-wall greenhouse and European style intensive gardening, along with a wicki-up complex: house, rehearsal hall and shop constructed with flair by Sonny Finnen.

The Stevens Brook Heritage Trust has recently undertaken the acquisition and restoration of the Lewis Smith Mill, the last of the original water-power mills on Stevens Brook. Many exciting plans are underway for the creative future use of the mill, including the possibility of craftsmen turning out products using the old waterpower methods.

The Bridgton Historical Society Museum on Gibbs Avenue will be open on both Sundays to provide tourtakers with a place to purchase tickets, pick up guide maps and pocket references, and learn more about the area.

## Exhibiting at Cornish

The Regional Artisans League will hold its 16th Annual Show, Aug. 1 - Aug. 16 at Pike Memorial Hall in Cornish. Proceeds will benefit Dollars for Scholars and the Sacopee Rescue Unit.





## Finding Mime In Them There Hills

The summer evening is sticky warm. Somewhere, a cow is lowing softly. Frogs are holding forth in a nearby bog and insects are adding their sounds in the tall grasses. But inside the huge, red barn there is silence. Only the story being revealed on the simple stage before you holds your attention. It's real theatre right here in Oxford Hills.

Real theatre or drama is a combination of the inward and outward expressions, Tony Montanaro tells the thirty or forty people attending the summer's performance.

Live performances of mime-graphics and storytelling - by Tony, his assistants, Shelley Wallace and Douglas Berky, and the students of the current six-month workshop are given every Friday night during July and August at the Barn.

The "Barn," located on the Stockfarm Road just off Christian Ridge, is the home of the newly formed Montanaro Productions Corporation. Familiarly known locally the past nine years as Celebration Mime Theatre, the name and the organization have changed to become a for-profit corporation to encompass not only the expanded activities of the workshops and live performances, but now the creation of a complete video center.

Plans are on the drawing board to produce colored tapes of mime instruction, including classic illusion, technique, and a new improvisational approach to mime and storytelling for stage and television. These should be available in a few months.

Other new things in preparation include a duet show starring Doug and Shelley, a puppet theatre in a bus, and a mime and magic show by another of the group, Lee Faulkner.

After years of performing live and watching beautiful routines and shows be lost, Tony is understandably estatic about the possibilities of performances captured on video tape.

"What we are doing is making exciting theatre—believable theatre," Tony says. "The secret is a perfect blend of the believable and the visual graphics. You actually become the character. Physical abstractions can be easy but working with emotions such as sadness, joy, and pleasure is much more difficult. The visual must match the motivation and vice versa. Anything short of that is aptly called faking or to use the theatre expression 'mugging'."

Tony loves teaching and gets as much enjoyment out of watching students break out and become believable as when he has the single spotlight. He admits some are already capable of making it as full-time mimes. "I'm just helping them to sharpen their techniques."

Who is this man that many recognize but few really know? Since receiving his degree in Drama from Columbia University in 1952, Tony has been in theatre. Unquestionably, he's an energetic, enthusiastic master of mime and storytelling.

Always ready to tell a good story, Tony recounts some of what has happened in his life since as a young, green actor, he played a banker in a scene on Broadway with James Cagney.

He has performed with professional summer stock theatre, appeared with top New York companies and stars, spent two year puppet-erring with the Suzari Marionettes and then toured with the Monte Meecham's Children's World Theatre.

A highlight was studying with Marcel Marceau and Etienne Decroux in Europe.

The list goes on and Tony keeps talking—for the past twenty years he has toured throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. In 1965 he held the first of his workshops while living in Woodstock, New York and continued them after moving to South Paris.

Celebration Mime Ensemble, one of the two companies within the parent organization Celebration Mime Theatre, toured for three years performing such works as "American Collage" which was funded by the National Endowment for the Arts.

Although the summer is largely devoted to the workshops and Friday night performances, Tony still finds time to travel. Coming up is a trip to New York where he will be on a panel of mimes (there are approximately twenty professional mime organizations in the country).

This fall Tony, Shelley, and Doug will be traveling to Pennsylvania, Mexico, Sweden and, come spring, New Orleans.

Remember Aesop's Fable of the Wind and the Sun vying for the title of who is the most powerful? You will not soon forget it after watching the young mimes at the Barn. With few props (the Wind and the Sun wore exquisite masks made by the players themselves), the story comes alive.

The graphic "Trees" was my favorite. How do you portray a tree? Not just any tree, but a living bending, burning tree or a giant redwood tree? There were others, like "Tit for Tat" but no, I've told enough—visit the Barn some Friday night and see for yourself.

A nominal admission fee is charged at the door. □

Wini Drag



# Recollections

## When Camp Bendito Really Hiked

*by Celia L. Puffer*

For more than fifty years Camp Bendito for girls has been located on the shores of Island Pond in Harrison. In the thirties, when I went there, the cost was \$350 for an eight week season.

The camp emphasized hiking, and we didn't think it a too unusual activity. In the era before World War II children were accustomed to walking everywhere. Parents seldom drove them as streets were safe and a lot of mothers didn't even have driving licenses.

So few girls objected when told on opening day that every camper at Bendito was a hiker. They would be grouped according to ability, watched to prevent overdoing, yet encouraged to excel.

A chart was nailed to the wall of the gray, two-storied lodge overlooking the pond. Each time a girl participated in a camp hike she would write down the number of miles covered. At least a hundred miles a season qualified her to receive a Piper's Hiker at the closing awards banquet in August.

This was a stout walking stick, with the top few inches hand carved in a fanciful design, named in honor of Mrs. Bertha Pitts Piper, a Harrison native and one of the founders of Camp Bendito.

Naturally, whenever a hike was scheduled, everyone wanted to complete it to add to her mileage record.

One summer day in 1935 we started off to climb Bear Mountain in Waterford. Some of the smaller girls were driven to the base of the mountain, but not we seniors. We proceeded on foot.

After an early start, and about a four mile hike from the camp, we turned right from Route 117 just before Crystal Lake onto what was then a dusty road. Camp Pinecliffe was situated there.

It was a slow trudge as we kept stopping. We became tired, thirsty, and some suffered from blisters. But all struggled on.

From the unpaved road we took a shortcut, a left through the forest, crossing

many brooks and sitting down to rest once more at a woodsy spot called Chase Gate.

Then it was under a few barbed wire fences, past an abandoned house, and over a farmer's fields. Eventually we reached another dirt road, with grass in its center, that brought us to the bottom of Bear Mountain.

The camp truck was waiting for us there, with some of the younger girls, and brown bag lunches for all.

Then everyone clambored up Bear Mountain and ate her lunch on the approximately 1,000 foot high rocky top. On the other side, at the face of the mountain, is a crack in the cliff extending all the way

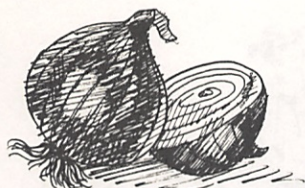




down. Some unknown person had previously attached a rope there, and the more adventurous of us clung to it as we slid and fell along the narrow stone-strewn crack to the bottom.

After that it was a hike back to the town of Harrison and five more miles to the camp. We made it in time for a swim in Island Pond before supper.

Yes, we really were hikers in those days. But Bear Mountain can still be seen from Route 117, jutting against the horizon on the far side of Crystal Lake. Anyone want to try that trek today? □



(Goings On continued)

## Newry 175th Celebration

Saturday, August 9, 1980. Activities will center at the Raymond Foster School, Rt. 26, Newry, Maine.

Activities will include:

Parade - 10 AM

Program - 1 PM

(E. Butterfield Militia will play)

Old Time Exhibits - All Day

Craft Booths - All Day

Children's Games and Activities

Old Fashioned Supper - 6 PM

at the Newry Grange Hall

Anniversary Dance - 8 PM at the Newry Grand Hall. The Lovejoys will play and tickets are \$1.50 and children under 12 are free.

## PREDICTION

The weather man will never please me:

All he ever does is tease me.

When I wish for clouds, it's sunny,

And he thinks it's kind of funny

To send rain when I want snow.

I'd like to tell him where to go,

But as his body barbeques,

He'll forecast Hell is freezing, too!

Otta Louise Chase  
Sweden

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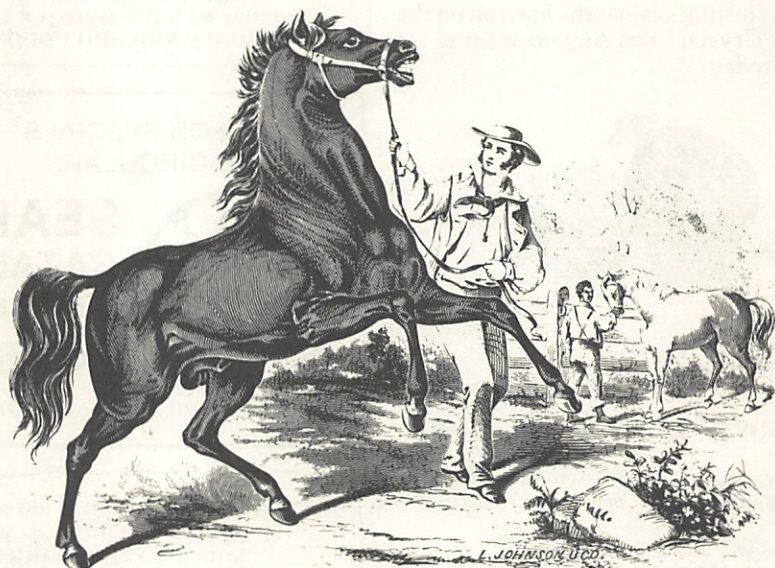
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# Recollections

## The "Damn It Horse"

by Cora Thurston



I was born on an old rundown farm, three miles from the nearest town, and a mile from our nearest neighbors. My brother, three years older, and I, had to create our own amusement. Maybe that is why I was so fond of horses. In fact, a horse's life seemed so much more exciting than my own, I "played horse" day after day. Dad made me a two wheeled gig with beanpoles for shafts. I backed between these shafts, picked them up, whinnied, and ran around the yard. From the time I was four, I thought, ran, ate and tried to look like a horse. With my long legs and thick hair I was a pretty good model.

Dad had to go across the road to draw water from the well in a pail tied to the end of a length of rope. I usually ran along, pulling my gig and shying occasionally at an imaginary object, as our horse did. My trips to the well ended in a way which upset my faith in dad's kindness to horses. Dad had drawn the full pail to the surface of the water and set it on the ground to untie the rope.

Following a horsey impulse, I stooped over and started to drink, sucking the water noisily through my teeth imagining a horse's pleasure at a cool drink. Then I felt dad's hand on the back of my head giving a quick shove, and my face went under the cold water. I drew a gasping breath and drew water up my nose. How it tingled! I sputtered and coughed, picked up the shafts of my gig which I had dropped when I thought I was drowning, and ran for the house, bawling in a very unhorselike manner.

I later remembered my father saying, while I was spluttering, that horses were not allowed to drink from the house pail, and that I ought to use the barn pail if I insisted on being one of them.

The first horse I remember was a small dark bay driving horse. She had been a race horse named Sarah Abigail, but now her name was Midget. She was nervous and highstrung, breaking into a lather of sweat if



she so much as heard Mama playing the piano through an open window, or if she caught wind of some music at the fair. Midget was also a kicker. Time after time she kicked the boards off the barn behind her stall, until Dad finally fastened a piece of chain to her log so that when she kicked, she got belted a good one. It finally cured her.

When Dad backed her between the shafts of the wagon she switched her rear end back and forth like a coochie dancer until she managed to step on both shafts or straddle one, which called forth some harsh expletives from my father.

Aunt Lil, Dad's sister, was visiting us from the city. I showed her the cows and hens and pigs, and we walked by the barn as Dad was harnessing Midget to the buggy.

"That's a Damn It Horse," I observed pointedly. My aunt looked shocked, then faintly amused, but didn't request any further explanation. But a "damn it" horse, Midget was in every way. Once my brother and I had been down the road a mile to the mail box with Dad and were on our way home in the buggy, when Dad suddenly pulled up on the reins and ordered us to get our and run into the field. Something frightening in his tone made us obey instantly. We watched from a distance as he appeared to only be fixing the harness. When he called to us that everything was alright and we could get back into the buggy, he explained that the tug had come unhooked from the whiffletree and had been dangling by Midget's leg. He knew that if he should hit her leg she would start kicking and could stave the dash in and hurt us all. If we met another team, or - even worse - a car, Midget could be counted on to jump sideways, bolt and run with my father sawing on the reins and shouting "Whoa, whoa!"

Dad was proud of Midget's speed, and when we went to the village, he took pride in racing down Main Street and trying to pass the other buggies. Midget was a pacer and everyone in town told my father they always knew when we were coming by the sound of her steps on the tarred road. No one else in town owned a pacer.

A man from the village had a trotting horse, jet black, and to my eye, much prettier than ours. That horse could really step along. Ray Long, the owner, had come up behind us and passed us by with a wave and a disdainful grin, the last time we had gone to the village.

About a week after Ray Long's victory we had to go to the village for groceries. I was alone with my father. Midget was in fine fettle. "Feeling her oats," my father said while keeping the reins taut, 'holding her in.' Just as we came down the hill into town, Ray Long was entering Main Street from River Road on our left, his trotter stepping swiftly along. He turned down Main Street directly ahead of us, and Midget, remembering her racing days, could be held in no longer. She stretched her neck out and the race down Main Street was one. 'What a clatter of hoofs on the tar.' My father was driving like a veteran, and to my happy surprise we were gaining fast. Now Midget was opposite Ray and he was using the whip on the black trotter. We were beside him now, and the horses were neck to neck. The storekeepers were coming out of the stores to see the finish of the race, when Ray did a cowardly thing. He abruptly turned down Portland Street on his right and avoided us, while we went on down Main Street, with Dad sawing on the reins trying to calm Midget into a slower pace. She was awash with lather, tossing her head nervously when she was finally slowed to a walk. My Dad wore a satisfied smile on his face as we did our various errands in the stores, and listened to the storekeepers jest about Ray's being afraid to lose the race.

When we started home once more, I was holding a box of mixed candy which had been given to me by a generous clerk, and Dad was humming softly. Midget, was still fretting at the tight rein, tossed her head up and down nervously.

Dad was always making up little verses and songs about people (some of them not

### LAKE KEZAR IN AUGUST

I swam out naked in the lake's black deep.  
The bottom was far and cool beneath.  
Pegasus and the Dipper stood out and  
as I watched  
One star slipped.  
A sheer soft move that plunged a chill  
Through all my shells of consciousness split.  
I hung off-center suspended between  
Eons as terror's vacuous arcs  
Opened above my head, below my feet.  
Later they said "A satellite."  
"Of where?", I wondered, beyond belief.

Susan Davis  
Kearsage, N.H.



very complimentary) so I was not surprised when we turned onto the dirt road that led two miles through the woods to our place, to hear him suddenly burst into song. "My old mare was so very fleet - she drove old Ray down Portland Street." At my shout of approving laughter he sang the ditty again and again. Even Midget turned her ears back to listen.

This near victory was Sarah Abigail's last race for she 'got down' in her stall, soon after and never got up. She had to be shot and dragged away and buried by a neighbor.

Dad now bought a work horse named John. John was white, huge and very calm. And somewhat lazy.

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**"When we drove anywhere and my father called 'hello' to a friend, old John stopped abruptly, hoping he had heard 'whoa.'"**

---

Dad said old John could always hear "whoa," but he often seemed deaf to "giddap," standing with his heavy lidded eyes at half mast until my father jerked the reins and touched him with the whip. Then John would turn his head towards the wagon with an injured look and plod forward, placing his enormous hoofs one after the other, methodically. He, too, turned out to be a "damn it" horse.

One day my mother was leading John by the bridle, up and down between the rows of corn while my father held the cultivator. As she was turning him at the end of a row, to start down the next, John placed one of his big feet squarely on top of mother's instep and then stood still. She let out a cry and jerked on the bridle but John still stood quietly, resting. Dad rushed up and tapped his foot above the fetlock and the horse lifted it. My mother gave Dad a scathing look as she pulled her foot free and limped hurriedly but painfully toward the house. She never had anything to do with horses after that. My brother and I took turns riding John and reining him while Dad held the cultivator. We sat on a grain bag over the back strap of the harness. John's back was so wide I could barely straddle it, and after half a day's work the insides of my thighs were raw.

Whenever we drove anywhere and my father called "hello" to a friend, old John stopped abruptly, hoping he had heard "whoa." He was such a steady calm old steed that what happened one day on the way to

the mail seems almost impossible. We had started out in the buggy. My mother was holding me on her lap on the left side of the seat. My brother sat in the middle and Dad on the right holding the reins, and taking the whip out of the whipsocket now and then to touch John up and keep him seasonably alert. At that rate it seemed like a long ride to the mailbox. Just before the box we had to cross a wooden plank bridge and go up a short but very steep hill. There was a portable saw mill situated at the top of the hill and one of the loggers had a white horse that looked like John.

This day, just as John plodded noisily onto the bridge, the other white horse, who had been drinking at the brook to the left of the bridge, threw up his head, snorted loudly and plunged up the bank. John, suddenly hearing, and seeing this noisy white beast, was so startled he jumped sideways to the right, jacking the right front wagon wheel under and throwing Dad out over it, into a clump of small bushes. Dad never let go of the reins. My brother flew out next and I followed close behind, landing on a grassy plot nearby, scared but unhurt. The reins were pulled from Dad's hand by John's next leap, straight ahead. Mama was still in the wagon and John was galloping up the hill in true runaway style. Since she couldn't reach the reins which were now trailing on the ground, in fear and desperation, she grabbed John's tail in both hands, and pulled back with all her might and screaming "Whoa, Whoa," at the top of her lungs. John was slowing a little before he reached the top of the hill where some mill men came running out on hearing Mother's cries and grabbed John by the bridle. He seemed grateful to the men for stopping him since the sudden exertion had tired him so much that he could only stand still dejectedly, head down, until we had picked ourselves up off the ground, climbed the hill and cautiously climbed into the wagon again.

Mama was white and shaky but later on, when the frightening experience was far behind us, she was able to laugh as Dad told people how she tried to stop a runaway horse by grabbing his tail and hollering "Whoa."

Once my brother and I were riding on the seat of the logging sled with Dad when the bunk struck a stump, stopping John so abruptly that we both flew off the seat and landed right behind his heels. He never lifted a hoof. He calmly waited for us to scramble



back on the seat.

My father's brother, Uncle Ben, lived down the road about two miles. He had a big bay mare named Mary. She was a horse that had to be reined constantly to be kept in the road, or she would wander aimlessly off into the bushes on one side or the other. This exasperated Uncle Ben and he talked to her constantly while reining her back with comments like, "Oh Mary, what are you doing over there?"

the house he jerked the reins and shouted "Ho there Mary, what you gawping at?" to the mare. Whereupon, Aunt Mary flounced out of her chair, and out of the room. Mama had to explain at length that the comment was addressed to a horse of the same name.

After John got old and lame, he, too, was laid away and we got Tom. He was a mistake from the start and proved himself to be a "damn it" horse every time he was hitched to the wagon. If John was a slow worker he at

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**"Without warning, Tom fell down on the tarred road, breaking one shaft of the buggy. Dad jumped out of the wagon, ran to Tom's head and saw that his eyes were shut tight. He jerked on the bridle and Tom came onto his feet. People had gathered around to see if the horse was dead. My father exclaimed, explosively, to the public—yet hardly believing it himself—'The Damned Fool went to sleep.' It was very embarrassing for all of us."**

---

At this particular time my Aunt Mary was visiting us. She was my mother's sister from Massachusetts and it was her first trip into the lovely countryside. Aunt Mary couldn't see how my mother stood it, living so far from neighbors or civilization. One morning, Aunt Mary was sitting by the open window in the front room, looking out at the scenery, when Uncle Ben and Mary drove into the dooryard. Mary, as usual, was wandering from one side of the driveway to the other while Uncle Ben was pulling her back with the reins. When he drove up beside

least was steady and dependable, whereas Tom was so slow you had to sight by a fence post to see that he moved at all. After having a fast driver like Midget, it seemed to take hours to go the grocery store. The whip was never in the socket. Dad kept it in his hand and use it just to keep Tom moving. If Tom could be urged to a slow trot occasionally, it was but for a few rods, then he went back to a turtle's pace. One day, just as we reached the top of the hill leading into the village where the houses were near together, old Tom seemed to be walking slower than ever. Then, without warning Tom fell down on the tarred road, breaking one shaft of the buggy. Dad jumped out of the wagon, ran to Tom's head and saw that his eyes were shut tight. He jerked on the bridle and Tom came onto his feet. People gathered around to see if the horse was dead. My father exclaimed, explosively, to the public—yet hardly believing it himself—"The Damned Fool went to sleep!" It was very embarrassing for all of us. Dad fixed the broken shaft with a piece of borrowed rope, and we went home, with Tom feeling the whip often enough to keep him awake. He was sold soon after to someone who hadn't heard about his sleep-walking habits.

The next horse was a fast driving horse named Peachie. She was small, quick and willing. Dad used her for a work horse as well as a driving horse. I was now sixteen and I used to harness her to the sleigh and give my friends a ride. She was as fast as Midget but was a trotter, not a pacer. When I held

### THE MILK INSPECTOR

The day the milk inspector called,  
He inspected neat troughs and stalls.  
Germ-free pails  
White washed tiles.

Little did he suspect the double timing  
After the warning call.  
Out flew bushels of bottles, labelled beer,  
From the manger where they'd rested one  
year.

Then came the tools used one time or other,  
Returned to the shop where they still  
wouldn't be found.  
The white washing was a flurry —  
The spatters neatly hosed from sight.

"Supper, Mr. Inspector? We didn't know  
When to expect you this year.  
Have another biscuit, and  
You're welcome to spend the night here."

*JoAnne Zywna Kerr  
Weld*



back on the reins she arched her neck beautifully. She was a sleek light bay.

Peachie had been taught to kiss by her previous owner and if I said "Kiss me Peachie," she rolled her upper lip back and lunged at my face until her nose touched it. Dad said she would take a chunk out of my neck some day but she never bit me. When the belly girth was tightened she would reach around playfully as if to nip someone. I led her to plant corn with a one horse planter, and to cultivate. She went up and down the rows at a fast walk, or actually more of a trot, I guess. I sure got a workout

for track those summer. To keep up, I had to run at a dogtrot, or take long walking steps then a jumping step. At the end of the rows I had to move my feet quickly when I turned her around in order to keep from getting stepped on.

We all liked Peachie and kept her long after she was too old to work. Of all the horses we had owned she was the only one who never caused someone to say, "That's a Damn It horse." □

*Mrs. Thurston grew up in the Haley neighborhood in Fryeburg. She now lives in Chatham, N.H. where she raises flowers for a hobby.*

## You don't say



### How the Nezinscot River Got Its Name

The tale of how the Nezinscot River was named is told and retold, the main points of the story remaining essentially the same. It is presented here as told to me by one of Hartford's long time resident senior citizens.

The Indian chieftain's name was Nezinsker and he had a beautiful daughter named Nezinska. The chieftain, his family and his tribe settled at one time on a meadow by a river. The headquarters were located in back of where the Buckfield schools now stand. Nezinska was of the age to be married and wished to take herself a husband. Therein lay the problem.

Nezinska had chosen one particular young Indian brave that she wanted as a mate, while her father, Nezinsker, had chosen another as a suitable husband for his daughter. So there the matter stood. She had her choice and he had his choice.

It was finally agreed that the two suitors for the Princess Nezinska's had should hold a race to see who could swim across the river and back the quickest.

The day of the great race arrived. Probably the day was fair with the meadows spread green with grass, the pine trees towering overhead and sunlight sparkling on the river waters. And doubtless the whole tribe, dusky faced men and maidens, white haired oldsters and bright eyed children gathered to watch.

Before the race, however, Nezinska had been busy. She knew the course the young braves were to take. She had planned her strategy. The princess ensured that the course her chosen mate was to swim was clear. In the course where the man of her father's choice was to propel himself through the water, she arranged to have brush piled in a way to impede his progress.

And sure enough, while the one brave cleaved cleanly through the river water and arrived first on shore to claim Nezinska as his bride, Chieftain Nezinsker's chosen youth became entangled in the branches and lost the race and the prize.

Thenceforth, the chieftain named the river after his daughter, Nezinska, and somewhere over the years the pronunciation became changed to the name of the river as who know it today—Nezinscot.

The Nezinscot River is also called Twenty Mile River at times. Some have said that Nezinscott is an Indian word for twenty mile and some that it is twenty miles from where the river originates to where it joins the Androscoggin River in Turner. It tells in the History of Buckfield that "nezinske" is an Indian word for 'twenty.'

The Nezinscot River, say others, has its headwaters in a bog on Black Mountain. Water flows down over ledges and can best be seen in the winter when it forms a cascade of frozen bog water on the rocky face of the mountain side.

A canoe trip down the Nezinscot River from Hall's Bridge in Buckfield to the dam in Turner has been said to be one of the most beautiful scenic trips of its type in the world.

It is a small part of the world where the wilderness that can be seen from the river has remained unchanged from the days when native Indians lived on its banks and early settlers followed its length to claim a piece of land for homesteading.

And the tale is still told of Nezinsker, Nezinska and the Nezinscot River.

Alice Parks  
Buckfield



# Heading Out

## Mineral Collecting-Oxford County Style

by Jane Perham

An estimated one third of the world's minerals are found right here in the Oxford Hills region. It's plain to see that digging in our local quarries and ledges can be rewarding as well as fun. For years collectors from other states and countries have sought the beautiful and intriguing minerals that may be hidden right in our back yards. Now many of the local folks are joining in the hunt.

The first quarry to be mined in Oxford County was Mount Mica. This Paris Hill location was discovered in 1820 and it has become world famous for the tourmaline it has provided. Mount Mica was the first of many other quarries which have been opened and mined on a sporadic basis. These operations have primarily been directed at the recovery of gem materials or such commercially valuable minerals as feldspar and mica.

When there's a lull in mining activity at a quarry, the collectors keep things humming. The best digging is usually done in the piles of material which has been discarded by the miners. These heaps of rubble are composed of pieces which can easily be handled, so the backbreaking work is all ready done. It's here in the dumps that the best specimens are usually found.

Once you've decided to have a go at being a "rockhound," you find a choice of many quarries. Just beyond Mount Mica at Paris Hill is the Bennett Quarry. In the Richardson Hollow area of Greenwood there is the Waisanen Mine, the Harvard Mine and the Nubble Mine. On Route 26 just above South Paris is the Whispering Pines Quarry. Just beyond Bethel in Albany is the Bumpus Quarry. The Dunton Quarry at Newry and Black Mountain in Rumford are two others you may consider. This is just a sampling of what our area has to offer. A map showing directions for these locations and others may be obtained at Perham's in

West Paris where they'll also gladly help identify your specimens.

Rockhounding is really a great hobby and we're in the ideal geographical spot for this sort of adventure. It's something that can be enjoyed by the entire family from youngsters to oldsters. As much or as little time and money may be invested as you wish—you can still collect minerals successfully and have a good time as well. You only need to have two things—a healthy curiosity and an appreciation for nature's handiwork.

Do amateur collectors ever make spectacular discoveries? In all truthfulness, the answer is a definite yes! The first tourmaline found at Mount Mica was unearthed by two school boys. "Uncle" George Howe found some of the world's finest amethyst on Pleasant Mountain in Denmark. The world's largest cache of tourmaline was discovered at Newry by a man who didn't know one mineral from another. Some really nice specimens are found each year by youngsters. This is obviously an equal opportunity hobby!

Rockhounding fits in perfectly in this time of energy conservation. Some quarries may be within walking distance of your home. To reach the others, you needn't travel far either. Your interest may even grow till you make this a year-round endeavor and still remain within these energy consumption limitations. When weather makes collecting impossible, that's the perfect time to identify your specimens, organize your collection and perhaps swap with other collectors.

To sum it all up, we live in a rockhound's paradise. This is a handy hobby that's inexpensive as well and I'll bet you'll meet some darned nice people! □

*Perham is a lifelong rockhound living at West Paris, site of the world-renowned Perham's Maine Mineral Store.*



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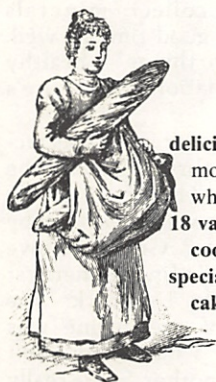
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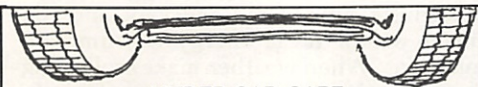
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Standing at the crossroads  
Where two wooded trails converge,  
I am surveying all that remains  
Of a childhood romance -  
A cluster of neglected lilacs  
And her name carved upon a tree.

*Jack C. Barnes  
Hiram*



**KNAPP & SANBORN STORE**  
**BRIDGTON, ME.**

In this photo, the men have turned to dust,  
the horses pose forever, this one time in their  
life;  
the formless tree grows on and on. These  
faces are country faces,  
pinched and flat, gray dots and sunless  
shadows,  
hardly human. Toys pose like this, or dolls,  
the sun slanting full into eyes that never blink.  
The man on the porch sits with legs crossed  
and waits for the shutter's snap, for  
the seamless day to be resealed.

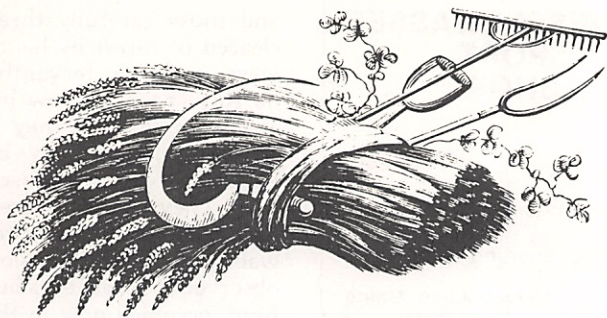
All have gone the way the wind has gone, or  
have faded like old clothes. Behind the store -  
you can't see them here - a cemetery, train  
station, streets. A breeze pokes across  
the scene but nothing flutters,  
no one moves, or dares to. The girl on  
the porch, the man in the cart, stare, do  
not smile, try to remember  
what it is they learned when they were young,  
what it is the next generation will become.

*Michael T. Corrigan  
Bridgton*



She who waits for her knight in shining armor  
to arrive needs to be reminded that she'll have to  
clean up after his horse.





## The Meadow/Lea

by Nancy Marcotte

Each summer when the days grew long, dry, and dusty, and the sky grew paler blue and shimmered into opalescent white at the horizons of mid-afternoon, the men and bigger boys of the town began to make plans to climb up into the Meadowlands. Lars knew this as a rite of summer—one of the things which always must happen to assure that the pattern of the year would run true. The men would take blankets and food, tie their broad rakes to their backs and meet on the village common in the early morning half-light.

Lars had never gone but it seemed to him that no word was passed from farm to farm when it was time for the ascent to the high pastures. Somehow he felt that there was a natural sign speaking to these silent and sunburnt men as if they were part of the earth and the season; and when just the right amount of golden crust was dried upon the roadside grass and just the perfect number of August days without rain had passed, they would somehow sense it and meet at dawn with their provisions for the passage into the mountains.

This year Lars was to go. It was unspoken, yet accepted in his shingled house below the brook. His mother, a strong, quiet woman, looked at him as she wove her linen in the big low-ceilinged room. He brought water from the well in the yard to pour into her simmering dry-pots of russet and indigo; she lifted her clear blue eyes from the taut threads and looked square at the face of her too-soon-grown son as if to tell him without words that he was now to take the man's trek to the high lands to do what he could.

They spoke without words often in the

farm below the brook. It had been true when Lars' father had been alive, though he also had the expressive streak of a joyous man running through his reclusive farmer's life. Now that he was gone, the ones remaining were the more self-contained and spoke mostly with looks from sun-bleached pale straw brows and eyes all the color of the ice cut from the pond each March—deep blue, ice-bubbled, and transparent.

The steady rhythm of the shuttle through the threads never ceased and the smooth unwrinkled mouth of his mother never moved, but Lars read in her face the fact that he must go. And she saw in the face of her son the truth that it pleased him.

---

**"He was glad of the responsibility he must take when he joined the hay-gathering communion of the husbandmen."**

---

That their few cows and sheep could not survive a Maine winter without the hay from the upper pastures was accepted and did not enter into their communications. Lars was glad of the chance to join the rite of growth—more than that, he was glad of the responsibility that he must take when he joined the hay-gathering communion of the husbandmen. This his mother knew. He felt it was right that he would take his part.

He left the keeping room by the low door that opened into the hillside. Stone Mountain rose immediately from a granite foundation at the back of the house and climbed rapidly beneath the orchard. The apple trees, both those that God had planted

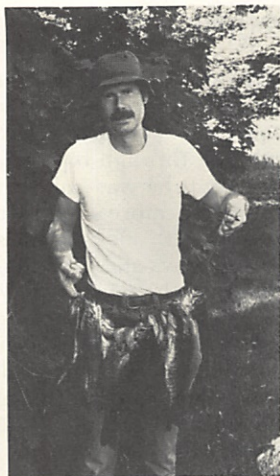


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and those carefully threaded into ground cleared of forest by his mother and father were growing fervently, as if, granted narrow space to grow by the grace of the ancient mountain, they had rooted themselves extra strongly between the rock ledges and woven themselves deeply into its foot. They would do well until Lars came back from his journey into the meadows. He walked through the sloping orchard and observed it. A few bees buzzed lazily past his head, occupied now in their honey storage for fall and looking neither for faded blossoms nor orchard-keeper.

He checked a few apples by touch, from tree to tree—random round, smooth globes in his long curved fingers; the flesh of the apples pleasingly firm, stretching the skins. It pleased him also to know that his first harvest would be good, and waiting for him when he returned.

His mother spoke to him from the open door. She seemed to have made a bold new decision, and she smiled at him. "Go and get Lea," she said, her voice as firm and round as the apple's flesh. The enthusiasm of his boot-stride through the dry, grassy yard stopped her in the doorway, and she smiled again, at his retreating sun-reddened neck and brown homespun shirt.

He found Lea as he knew he would, among the willows at the shore of the brook. She had been gathering lichens for dye in a tall, narrow Indian basket. When the heat of the afternoon reached its peak, Lea could always be found at the bend in the brook where the eddies were deepest. She sat on a moss-freckled rock in the middle of the brook, her legs part of the stream. The brook came cold and fast down Stone Mountain and thus divided their farm from the neighbors' property.

He caught sight of her striped figure through the trees and among the sparkles of sun on water; she looked to him like one of the highlights—a wild water reflection. When he brushed the last weeping willow switch away from his vision, he saw her real configuration—a sturdy person built in his own mold.

Children of the same conception, Lea and her brother were mirror-images of each other which, after fourteen years, were just beginning to change, like the slight distortion of an old glass. Lars was bigger now—hands and legs growing faster, back beginning to broaden. But the slope of their



shoulders followed the same angle, their faces were the same round shape.

Lars did not think about this, but he nevertheless noticed the newer oval quality of her brown-berry face and the fine, wiry slenderness of her fingers and wrists and ankles. It was more like a slight surprise that he should broaden while his exact equal should not than a clear impression of his sister's beauty. His thick blonde hair rested against his neck and hers was plaited thickly around her head, but the nape-arch and round lifted back of the heads were the same. Two pairs of identically wide, sky-reflecting eyes looked at each other.

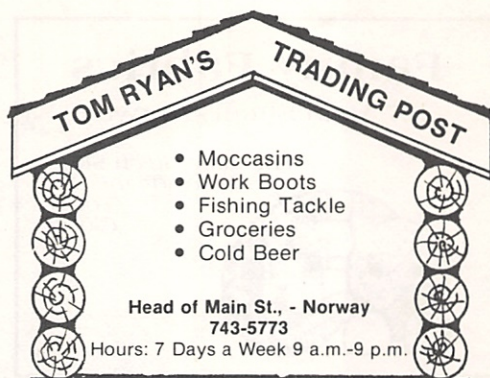
Even closer than that between mother and child was the communication between halves of the egg, sharers of the womb. Lea leaped from the rock to the green-carpeted streambank to catch up her boots and pack-basket without a word from her brother. Whistling the same spontaneous tune, they crossed the alder woods to the edge of the farm-yard together.

Astrid planned that both her children would climb into the high pastures this year, as she pounded yeast dough into a wide, greased bowl with her small and hard white fists. She packed pickles and salt pork into crocks and wrapped her best waxed cheese rounds with layers of thin cloth. Each farm in the small valley had at least four men on it. She had but two children and neither one a man, but she was herself productive and could send them both.

And so it was that after another day-break her twin contributions stood in the rushing pink light on the village common with the other stamping farmers and horses. Silently they carried their dry beans and extra clothing in woven bags tied to their backs. They stood easily, squarely among the others, with their comfortable boots and oldest blue clothes on, straw hats on their heads. The crocks were strapped among blankets on the bars of a travois sledge behind one of the horses.

Lars had no horses, but he helped Jericho Bates to lead a young matched team. Jericho was tall and blackened by the sun, at seventeen as good a farmer as his father Crispus and older brothers Jacob and Jim. The Bateses were the best farmers in the Adams River Valley, and the kindest, most commonsensical of men.


The mother of Jim and Jericho was a beautiful Christian lady with the name of



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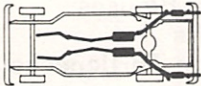

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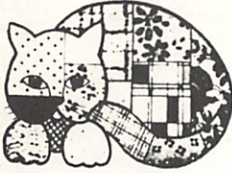
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## Still Waiting

It's been nigh on to seventeen years since Lucinda Looselovely broke up with her first beau, Melrose Forthingwing. Her maw and paw said he wasn't good for much anyhow. Melrose never appeared inclined to pursue more than the comforts of his easy chair. But Lucinda held a sparkle in her eye for the critter and one moonlit night while spoonin' on Bell Hill they decided to tie the knot good and tight.

When maw and paw were confronted with the news they voiced their loud disapproval and threatened to cut Lucinda off without a cent. But after they mused the matter for a day or so, maw and paw gave Lucinda their blessings. After all, Lucinda wasn't growing any younger so she might as well hitch up with a dunderhead and make the best of it.

Just about everybody in town and some from parts unknown showed up for the ceremony. Lucinda stood radiant in her wedding gown patiently waiting for the proud bridegroom to appear. Time wore on and tempers wore thin. The preacher yawned and fumbled with the pages of the good book, and maw and paw grumbled while the spectators milled around whispering that Melrose must have flown the coop while there was still time for a safe getaway.

A tipsy left-handed violin player struggled through "O Promise Me," and after the fourth squeaky rendition the disgruntled preacher slammed shut the covers of the good book and departed without a performance and without remuneration. The ceremony never took place, but those present enjoyed the wedding cake and especially the punch which someone had thoughtfully laced with a generous quantity of old New England rum.

Folks say that Lucinda packed her wedding gown back into her hope chest and nowadays stands out by the front gate peering wistfully across the countryside. Lucinda Looselovely would make a mighty fine spouse for an eligible young man—or an old man. She's still waiting.

*Firgore Poon  
Poland*



Miriam. A wonder to behold at the age of 38, she stood tall, slender, and straight-backed, and her black hair had not a trace of white among its strands. Miriam had found Crispus Bates and his motherless infant Jacob prophetically among the bullrushes following a death-fever epidemic one dreadful hot summer when few white settlers had yet come to cultivate the rich northern valley. Miriam had another, full-blooded Indian name in those days when she was sixteen years of age. But she saved the Bates father and son, and took the name of Miriam when she married Crispus in the fall.

---

**"Each August they met farmers from the other side of the Notch up there for the haying. The two communities cut lush, tall meadow grass and spread it to dry. . . . A week spent in the meadow meant a safe winter of fattening for their livestock."**

---

Jericho was half-blooded Indian and the best friend Lars had. It was Jericho who had helped Lars with the unfamiliar on the farm during the spring following his father's icy death. But it was the magical quality of the older youth's snapping, eyes and the glowing red-tinged skin that made Lars feel Jericho's wisdom and knowledge. When he spoke, Lars listened, as if to the shadow of the great pine tree whispering in the wind. Neither boy spoke often.

They started off that morning from the village common behind the others. Lea's presence was not unusual, though the women who went to cook for the upper-pasture haying were usually older, and newly-married or betrothed to men who climbed up. Lea was young but everyone knew she was capable—and Lars without Lea was unthinkable thus far in the village's experience.

By noon they had reached the uppermost meadow and stopped to set up camp. Each August they met farmers from the other side of the Notch up there for the haying. The two communities cut lush, tall meadow grass and spread it to dry. They raked it to the lower mountain fields on either side and piled it in deep, protected stacks until winter. Wagons could not be brought through the pine and oak forests in summer, but by the time snow fell, horse and ox teams could sled the fodder down frozen ravines to feed the animals in the village. A week spent in the meadows meant a safe winter of fattening for their livestock.

For days they worked steadily—scything

and spreading the grass, raking in the hot sun until their tanned shirtless backs were dripping and their hands were blistered. Lars worked slowly but smoothly—the rake he used had been made by the capable hands of his father and was a good one; Jericho's was also good, built by the same excellent woodworker. The boys worked side by side in the biggest meadow with boys from the other village. Lea was near-by, cooking for this group of young men over an open fire on a rock ledge, and bringing them vinegar-and-molasses *switchel* to quench their raging thirsts all through the day. She fixed beans

and salt pork with potatoes and pickles in the evening; she cooked well and the boys praised her. She gave them spider shortcake and cheese with their morning coffee and pitched in beside them when they tossed hay into improvised windrows. Lea tied her skirts around her legs and put a kerchief over her head. Her face and body were wet with the sweat of the summer sun when she lifted the jug up for the mouths of the boys. Most of them said nothing, for they had grown up with the twins. Two black eyes watched often when the boys from the other village drank from her switchel-jug, but Lars noticed nothing, and Jericho didn't tell him.

The fifth night on the mountain was muggy and sweltering. Close on their faces as they lay in the field was moist heat-laden air. The boys slept with their shirts off, abandoned to the grassy knolls as exhausted children in sleep. Lea had a shelter of white cotton near to the spring where the stream started flowing.

In that moonless dog-night she tossed, shifting feverishly, disturbed by the hay's chaff that was even beneath her sweat-dampened shift. When she got up to go to the spring, Lars stirred. But he slept on in the pitch-black and was not really awakened by what he felt. He was curved to the ground like a babe of its spawning, cradled in a dry gully and fulfilling his passage.

It was natural for Lea to go to the stream's source. It was natural, too, for one to follow. His name was Bryant and he was from the other village—a big ruddy farm boy. He had watched the meadow-girl all



through her labors, his eyes seldom passing from her sun-drenched body.

As she went into the cold pool with her shift on and began to splash her arms and cool her legs, he watched. Lea was separated from Lars like the summer from springtime when Bryant followed. The moon broke its cloud cover just as Bryant reached his sun-maiden; it revealed with full light the ritual.

When Lars felt the bright pain, he jumped from his cradle and fell like a rag doll, confused and unnerved by the suddenness of sensation. His consciousness told him the pain was his sister's and dragged him to where she lay in a pool of moonbeams. She was frozen a moment in time for him, like a butterfly in amber, so he saw the white skin of her soft arms with awful clarity, as if he would stand there forever gazing down at them and at the drops of red blood pricking at her bitten lips and dotting her torn chemise.

But the eon was in truth an instant and he shrieked like a hawk at the dim-witted farm boy, not realizing as he dove for the kill that the boy lay already in agony, below on the rock ledge. Jericho grabbed him when he lurched for the villain; Jericho told him that it was all over and all right. Lars hugged his own stomach like a sick child.

When the moonrise was final, it really seemed over. Other village hayrakers had taken Bryant with his broken arm down to their lower field, and Lars felt better. The



shock of the mad scene had drained from his tense body and he lay wakeful, looking into the sky deeply as a falling star streaked the heavens, leaving its appointed place to go to another.

From behind a near oak tree, the wordless buzzing of voices floated to Lars' ears. His sister sat wrapped in a clean workdress and whispered to her quick saviour Jericho until dawn.

The sixth day broke bright—the end of this mid-summer hay trek. They were all quiet and tired as they started back for the village. Lars walked alone on this reverse excursion, puzzling as he went. He felt changed now he walked down. He knew he was stronger and part of the village—he had been out on his own and earned the feeling of success at the chore accomplished and the task shared.

But before him went his sister, and she was more changed in the milky mid-morning haze than he. This morning he looked into her blue eyes and saw there a veiled excitement, a communication he couldn't read. And he wondered at that.

She walked as if she carried a gift and a burden; as if her body had become precious and unfamiliar to wear. Beside her walked Jericho. His long lope was the same as he'd had for his lifetime, but something in the meadowland had shifted for Jericho. Lars' friend's passage was also more than his own. Lars felt like the words of the Bible had come down from the lea with them—like the blessed Mary, he understood, he kept those things and "pondered them in his heart," where they stayed for some years, until his own season had changed. □

*Marcotte, who begins practice teaching this fall, lives in Norway with her two children. She is a frequent contributor to BitterSweet.*

### ALMOST ONLY COUNTS (for Beryl)

He'll never take a tournament,  
Though on a good day, he  
Clangs his shoes among the camps  
And through the pines,  
Makes them dance in sand  
Around the stake, and  
Jangles herons on the lake  
With  
A come-and-get-it pitch.

On a bad day, even though  
His scores run low, we like  
Him playing anyway and  
Count on him for doubles.

Some I've seen can  
Ring their shoes at will.  
But perfection can't sustain  
The goodness of the game.

Tom Swinton



# Making It

## Bigtime Big Band: PMS Express

*by Nancy Marcotte*

The club has the appearance of a 1930's Casablanca. Smoke drifts up to where fans turn in the peak of the ceiling. Potted ferns swirl gently in the breeze. Patrons sit on suede chairs at small tables around a double octagon dance floor. Golden spotlights hit a brown velvet wall and gleam off shining brass. The Big Band era is back in the lounge at Oxford County's own Positively Maine Street.

The sounds of saxophones, trombones, drums, guitars, clarinet and piano reminiscent of the Glenn Miller/Tommy Dorsey type of band fill the room. This is danceable, crowd-pleasing music all the way from the group's theme song "Taking the A





Train" through "Moonlight in Vermont," "Stardust," "Bandstand Boogie," and "In The Mood."

Named *PMS Express*, this band of nearly twenty is comprised of talented amateurs, students, teachers and professional musicians with a wide range of experience. But the sound is sophisticated and mellow, owing much of its phrasing and tempo to the jazz background of many of its members.

Terry Eldridge and Gary Snee, both local music teachers who have played with dance bands in the past, conceived the idea of the band after the conclusion of the school-community musical "Oklahoma!" this spring. They had discovered so much talent hidden in the community that they didn't want to bury it again. Since both are also waiters at Positively Maine Street and since that establishment recently opened a big new facility, the time seemed right and they took their ideas to Brian Goodwin, owner of the restaurant. Goodwin agreed to financially back the venture and *PMS Express* was on its way.

Auditions were held to which musicians came from all over the state. Eldridge, once a professional trombonist in Ohio and now director of bands at Oxford Hills High School, believes "Jazz is a force that never left" and he seems to be right, because the array of musicians dedicated to continuing the sound is impressive.

Jim Hussiere, a percussionist with flair, has spent over fifteen years on the road with bands of all kinds. The Poland resident says he has never played with a group that developed so much so fast. The result is a relaxed, balanced sound with Hussiere's drum occasionally taking off into powerful, easy little riffs while the back-up drum of Lewiston's Dan Girouard carries the subtle beat.

The "lady at the piano," teacher Linda Jackson of South Paris, was excited by the talent that showed up at the auditions and by how much was eventually turned away. Once pianist with the University of Vermont dance band, Jackson obviously enjoys the group and her style at the keyboards leads the listener to want more.

For slide trombonist and local attorney John Jenness, jazz has always been a way of life. His pleasure at continuing what he started as leader of the Barbary Coast College Band of Dartmouth College is evident. "It's incredible," is his highest praise.

Organizer Gary Snee is director of bands at Oxford Hills Junior High School. "Too

young to put my (trumpet) lips to rest," he says he is committed to bringing the jazz band sound here not only for the musicians' sake, but also to justify the worth of music to the community. "I wanted to prove that we could produce the best sound and still have a good time," he stresses, "and I knew it would be a good thing to have a jazz band in our area. Our students have no outlet to hear professional musicians."

Eldridge, who is also the band's "patter" man and m.c., believes as Snee does, that *PMS Express* will grow indefinitely.

"This is the first community-organized big band in Maine, to my knowledge," Snee says, "and we want to constantly upgrade people and selections." Their "book" — the selections of charts they can play — is starting out at about 30 songs but they hope to build it up to 100.

As an experience for students, the dance band probably can't be matched. There are several in the group: Don Strickland of Mechanic Falls, John Burns and Dean LaChance of South Paris, Chris Varney of Auburn. The rest of the group runs a gamut of professions and locales. Promotional consultant Ray Libby is a well-known former music teacher here; William "Bumper" Ryan is presently music director at Westbrook Junior High. Malcolm Smith is the friendly postman of Norway, but he has also played trumpet in various combos for the past twenty-five years. Dale Whitney of Otisfield is a relaxed sax player and an instrument salesman. Allen Price travels from Oakland where he is a piano technician. Tom Hall is an Auburn dentist who plays bass trombone. Mike Mitchell practices his terrific trumpet solos at home in Augusta.

All together, these band members and a few more bring exciting music to South Paris. They play under the watchful eye of *PMS* guardian angel Henry St. Pierre, himself well-known musically in the area for his years of contributions to barbership and church harmony.

"They're well trained and pleasantly balanced," St. Pierre says, "and they've dedicated many hours of free rehearsal." Their performances will be paid, though, and, in fact, Positively Maine Street will also be booking the band for a few outside engagements.

Every Wednesday night from 8 to 11 until fall, adults of all ages will be putting on their dancing shoes to go and enjoy *PMS Express* in the lounge at Positively Maine Street. Come on along and listen, too. □



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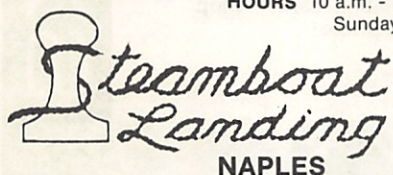
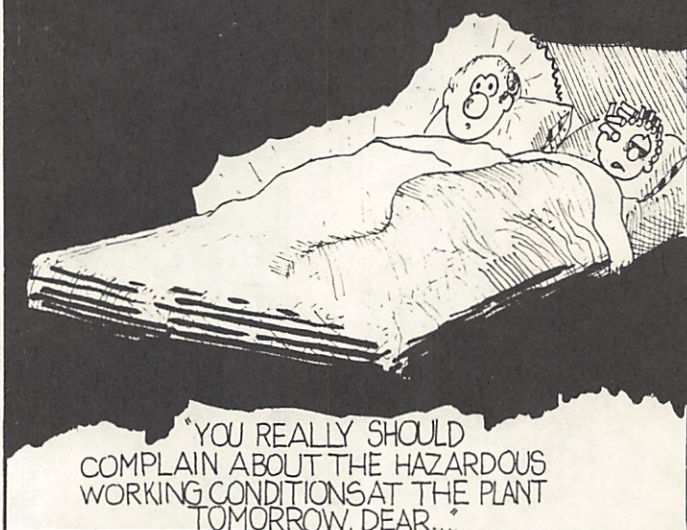
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## BRAINTEASER XXI

### WHO IS GUILTY?

A loud bang of breaking glass awakened George from a sound sleep. He looked out the window, but nothing was astir up or down the street, nor among the houses across the street.

He looked at his watch, but it had stopped at 11:17. What a nuisance, since he depended on that watch in his busy schedule. A little winding on the stem started it again, so at least he didn't have to get it repaired. So knowing he had a busy day ahead, he crawled back into bed and fell asleep.

The next day the police stopped by, just as he was leaving the house. George didn't know what time it was, but it was early enough to yawn, ask what he could do for them, and also ask the time so that he could re-set his watch. It was now 7:30 A.M.

The patrolmen said they had picked up two strangers for suspicion, since they couldn't explain their presence in the neighborhood. Then they learned the house next door had been burglarized after a window was broken. One man picked up at 2 A.M. had a cut, which he said came from changing a tire. The other man was arrested at 4:15, and said he had tripped on a broken bottle while intoxicated. At least one man was innocent, the police felt, and perhaps George might be of help.

But George had not seen anyone. Besides, with his watch having stopped, he didn't know what time the robbery had occurred. However, he suggested that the police try a couple of the other neighbors. One was on a night-shift at the local electrical generating plant and might have seen someone; the other might have returned from vacation last evening.

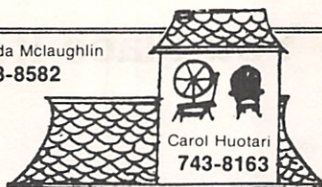
Halfway to his car, George was suddenly struck with a flash of inspiration. He promptly turned around and went back to the policemen. It is not possible for the man arrested at 2 A.M. to be involved, he said, so at least he could be released from custody. How come he could reach that conclusion?



## ANSWER TO BRAINTEASER XX

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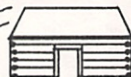
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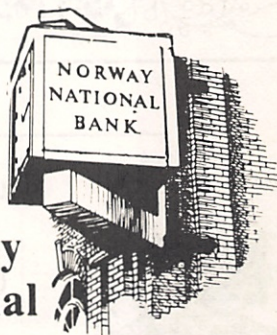
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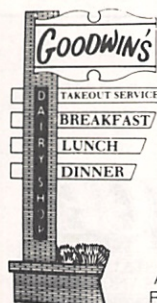
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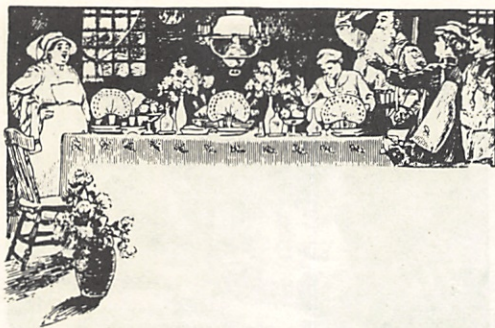
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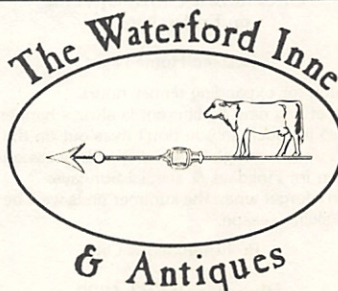
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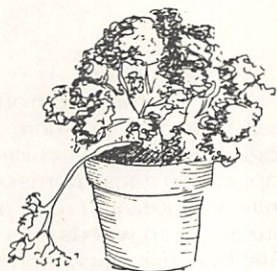
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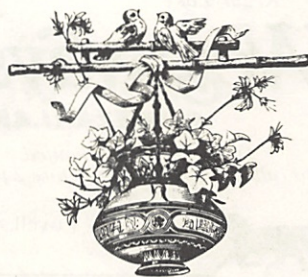
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# Homemade

"Every time I mention making them the youngsters yell "Whoopee." Maybe that's how they got their name."

## Whoopie Pies

by Lucretia Douglas

- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup oleo or crisco
- 1 teas. vanilla
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 cup milk

Beat well together until creamy.

Sift together:

- 2 cups flour
- 5 tables. cocoa
- 1/2 teas. salt
- 1 teas. soda

Add to creamed mix with milk. Mix well. Bake on greased cookie sheet (drop by dessert spoons full of dough) approx. twelve minutes at 340°.

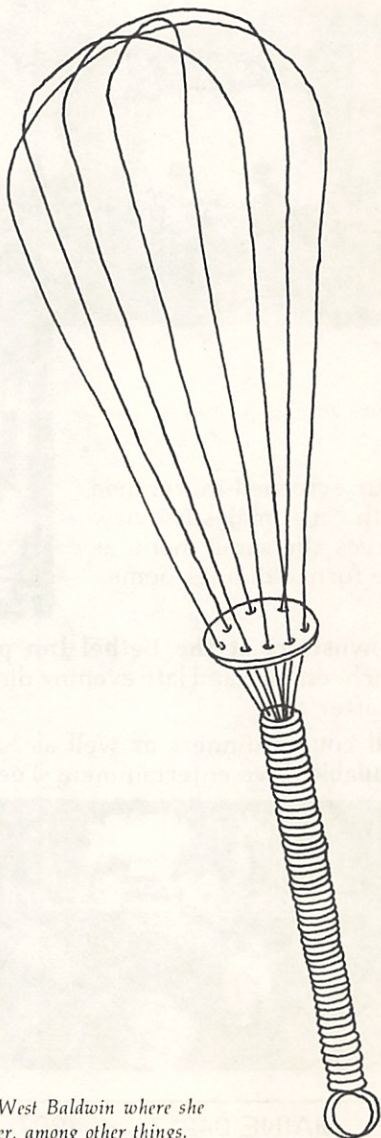
Put cookies together with this filling and wrap individually in sandwich bags.

- 3/4 cup milk
- 3 heaping teas. flour

Put in top of double boiler, mix with wire whisk and stir until smooth and thick. Cook five minutes, cool with cover on.

Cream: 3/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup crisco, 1 1/2 teas. vanilla. Use mixer bowl. Add 3 heaping tablespoons marshmallow fluff. Mix in cooled flour mix and beat until creamy. Just like store ones.

Lucretia Douglas lives in West Baldwin where she works as a freelance writer, among other things.





# You don't say

## Divine Guidance

In the days before women had won the right to vote, the Hiram Town House was a dull and colorless place. Unfinished walls overlooked a rough unpainted floor and no chairs were in evidence, but there were a few rough benches nailed to the walls.

Heat was provided by a large box stove placed in the center of the room and connected to the chimney by a run of twelve or fifteen feet of stovepipe.

Against this background on a day in March in the mid-eighteen hundreds a hot verbal battle was in progress.

The article under discussion was deceptively simple: "To see if the town will vote to allow the barber shop to be opened on Sunday."

As people were still under the influence of the old Blue Laws the article was not only controversial but almost smacked of heresy!

One of the proponents of the article had the floor. He was explaining how everyone had to work ten hours a day, six days a week and as a result many stayed away from church because their hair and beards looked so bad.

In the midst of his declamation, suddenly and without warning the whole section of funnel fell to the floor! It raised a cloud of dust, smoke and consternation! Miraculously no one was hit or injured in any way.

When order was restored and the Moderator gavelled the meeting back into session one of the Deacons of the Church cried in a loud voice: "The good Lord has spoken; He is agin' it."

There was no further discussion. Someone made an appropriate motion and when the moderator called for a show of hands, the vote against the article was almost unanimous.

Raymond Cotton  
Hiram

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# Ayah

letters to the editor

## SUNDAY RIVER ERROR

First I wish to say that I enjoy the magazine very much. I am learning many things I did not know about the area. I come from Sunday River.

Now, why I am writing — In the June issue the article "The Home Front" — I believe the picture does not go with the story that Mrs. Wilkins wrote. On page 56 of *The Sunday River Sketches* there is a picture of the house of Alonzo Fifield with his daughter Julia in front. The house has a central chimney. The house you picture does not.

I do hope that I am right and thank you for reading this.

Charlotte Kendall Johnson  
Westford, Mass

BitterSweet regrets the error.—Ed.

## LETTER OF LOSS

This is, as you will read, a true story. Mrs. Ella Button, who is a year round resident on the Five Kezar Lakes in North Waterford, was the one who wrote us the letter. The memories are ours, from our last few summers on the lake with the loons.

I hope you will consider publishing this, as I do feel that for all those who love the hills and lakes region, this is a real loss, and a symbol of the kind of loss we must all work against.

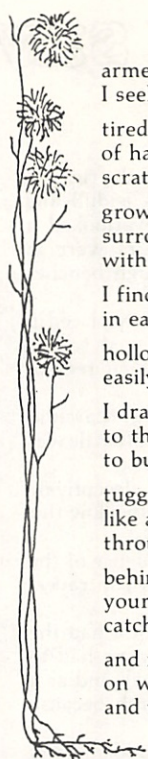
Carol Gestwicki  
Charlotte, N.C.

## THE LOON—A Short Story with an Unsatisfactory Ending

Once upon a time there was a lovely lake in Maine. It looked like many another small lake—startlingly clear, nestled at the bottom of a rim of hills, with a scattering of summer cottages around its shores. All summer long the exuberance of children and friendly people echoed around the lake. In the fall, winter and spring, nature carried on its endless rhythm of leaf, snow and flower.

But there was one thing that made this one lake just a little different from many others. A few years ago, after the people decided to keep their motors small and quiet on the lake, a pair of loons found the lake and decided it was a happy place to nest. Loons are among the wildest of nature's creatures, shunning the active civilization of most lakes in southern Maine. So it was with great happiness that the cottage dwellers discovered the loons in their midst.

What a wonder the loons added! There was the excitement when they were sighted after their return each year—everyone wondering if they'd nested, and where. One year the loons chose a



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your fine-hooked seeds  
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on withered timothy redtop  
and witchgrass

Judith Firth-Kaber  
West Farmington

spot in clear view of the people who arrived earliest, so the boats and canoes had to be especially careful not to go so near as to disturb the wary family. But that was the only year the people knew exactly when the eggs had been hatched. The nest was suddenly empty; left behind on the untidy collection of sticks on the island's shore were fragments of thick, light brown mottled shells. The loon family itself was not visible for days. And every year after that the clever loon hid its nest completely from view, so only in the first days of July was anyone sure that there had been offspring.

The bird books say that loons can have two babies each year. On this lake, the loons always had one. And a more doted over baby surely never was born. In his first days of life the loon parents took him off to the end of the lake farthest from humans. When the people caught a distant glimpse, small in the binoculars, the brown baby floated always as part of the mother's shadow, and the father, only a few yards off, watched every



move with vigilance.

And then the sounds started. Before the baby was hatched, the loons were often silent, but in early July the wild rumpus began. Startlingly out of a dark cool night, suddenly on a bright sunny morning, mournfully on a grey afternoon, the loons cried, trilled, moaned. A wonderful sound, a primeval sound, a sound that thrilled the listeners through and reminded them of a world they could catch glimpses of, through this wild bird.

Two weeks or so after the nest was emptied, the loon parents decided it was time to parade their offspring closer to the other inhabitants of the lake. Suddenly they would appear one morning, mother and baby swimming close together, father a little farther off. The baby often seemed astonishingly reluctant to put his face in the water, much less dive, and often came in for his share of *sotto voce* maternal clucking, scolding, pleading. As the days passed, they would swim daringly closer to beaches and diving rafts, and the people watched it all, wonderingly. There was a general atmosphere of proud protectiveness. The loons needed the care of the people. Boys learned to idle their motors by, so as not to disturb the placidly floating family. Newcomers to the lake were told of the loons, and warned if they, too, were not careful. The people knew they were privileged to have the loons, and guarded them accordingly.

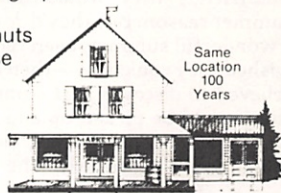
And the treasures of memory the loons gave! Sun flashing on the iridescent black and white neck, as papa stretched himself above the water. Soft cooing sounds as the baby solaced himself when both mother and father dove at the same time. And the breathtaking, powerful dives, so no one watching from a beach could predict where the sleek pointed head would surface. Awakening in the night to the unforgettable cries. Days of pleasure—weeks. Then came August, and by mid-month the loons clearly had other matters on their minds besides swimming in a mountain lake.

One great day, with incredible flapping of wings and dragging of feet, the father loon taxied down the length of the lake and took off in a spectacularly close aerial feat. Once aloft, he circled the lake, then landed again, close to the rest of the family. From the amount of chatter it was clear he was emphasizing the finer points of his demonstration. Father loon repeated the lesson several times; then came a day when both parents were flying circles over the lake, leaving the baby to swim jauntily by himself on the lake. And then, another day, he joined them, and all three dominated the sky over the lake.

Watching, the people were thrilled, and proud, and quite astonished that the baby had grown so much in the two months of his life. It was even more amazing to know that this young brown one, who had been so reluctant to dive and fly, would soon fly off to find his wintering spot in the ocean with the other young loons, totally separated from his parents. They would stay on the lake as it grew quiet, growing quieter themselves, and then leave

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for their own winter home, returning to the lake the next summer for their next nesting time.

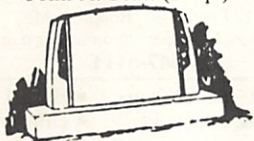
All this the people knew as they enjoyed the loons during their own last days on the lake for the summer, packing up the boxes which would not be opened again till the next year, saying goodbye to the friends they would not see till the next summer season. But they'd done it all before—had a wonderful summer, been reluctant to see it end, wished they could stay—then come back and been relieved to discover that summer life and friendships could be picked up and enjoyed again. The fact that the lake itself never changed was reassuring. Knowing that the same familiar coves,

trees and birds, the whole rhythm of life, would be here when the people left and when they returned made the going easier. There was no way of knowing that this year the rhythm would be shattered.

In December, a letter from one of the lake's residents told a family of the darkness that had touched the lake. Late in the fall, just before the lake had finally quieted, a shot had broken the peace, and a man had waded into the water to retrieve his prize—one of the loons. The letter went on to say that the remaining loon had stayed on for several weeks, alone and silent, then flown off.

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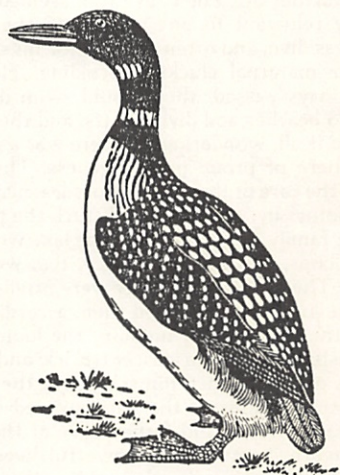
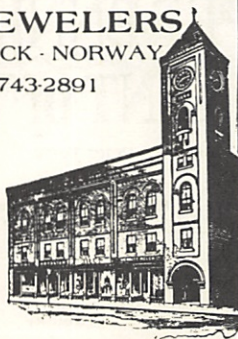
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There is no way to end this true story satisfactorily. First come the questions—why? Why would anyone kill such a unique creature of the wild? Surely not by simple error—a duck in the water bears little resemblance to a loon. Surely not deliberately, if he had known the heavy penalties that protect the loon—fines and imprisonment for harming this protected species. And surely not deliberately, if he had recognized the loon as the symbol it has become of a world that lasts, despite civilization's encroaching destruction. So why?

And the questions of what this death will mean for the lake that has cherished the loon family. Will the one remaining loon return, to haunt us with his cries of solitude and loss? (Loons mate for life; this family will not go on.) Or will the lake be silent, deserted completely of its loons? Only another summer can answer these questions. For now, the people who have loved the loon and been enriched by his life, remember. They remember and grieve. They have lost, and the lake has lost, and Maine has lost.



Carol Gestwicki





## BONNEMA POTTERS

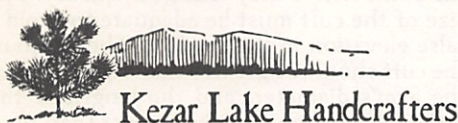
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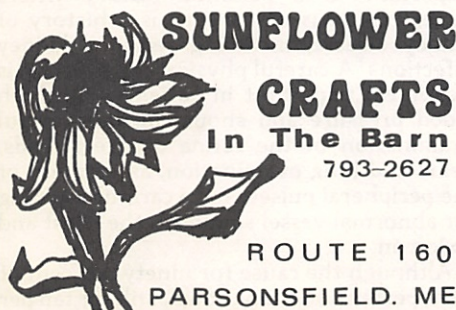
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# Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

## High Blood Pressure

High blood pressure, or hypertension, is a significant contributor to the incidence of heart failure, kidney failure, and stroke. Of all of the factors contributing to heart disease, high blood pressure is the most significant. The consequences of high blood pressure are the leading cause of death in America. It is incredible then that the public displays more apathy towards hypertension than towards any other disease. For example, only half of those with high blood pressure are diagnosed and only half of those who are diagnosed are getting adequate therapy, i.e. those who have been prescribed drugs either are taking them incorrectly or were not prescribed the proper drug.

### Diagnoses

It used to be thought that the most reliable blood pressure determination was that taken when the patient was strictly at rest and was so-called "baseline." From more recent epidemiologic studies, it seems more important to measure several casual blood pressure determinations since those people who display high blood pressure while

pressure is the pressure measured while the heart is actually pumping blood, and diastolic blood pressure is that pressure measured when the heart is resting; the former is the higher number, the latter, the lower number.)

In medicine we think of hypertension as those levels of blood pressure carrying a greater than 50% increase in mortality. Therefore we talk about "normal" as follows: For men below age forty-five, 130/90; for men over forty-five, 140/95; for all women, 160/95.

For those who take their blood pressure at home it is important that the cuff be placed as high as possible on the arm. The diastolic pressure is taken at the point where the Korotkoff sounds disappear rather than at the point where they change in quality. The size of the cuff must be adequate to avoid a false elevation in the reading. The width of the cuff should be greater than two-thirds of the arm's diameter, and the length of the inflatable portion must be greater than two-thirds of the arm's circumference. Proper evaluation for those who are found to be hypertensive should include a careful history by your physician with inquiries about family history of hypertension, diabetes and cardiovascular disease, diet and salt intake, other risk factors for developing heart disease, such as smoking, diabetes, and cholesterol problems, possible symptoms of heart disease such as angina, possible use of drugs which may cause high blood pressure such as birth control pills, estrogens (premarin), cortisone-type drugs (prednisone), diet pills containing thyroid hormones, amphetamines or combination, and excessive quantities of licorice. Also

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**"It is incredible then that the public displays more apathy towards hypertension than towards any other disease."**

---

anxious in a physician's examining room are prone to respond in the same way to the vicissitudes of life. What constitutes a normal blood pressure determination has also been redefined based on recent epidemiologic studies. It has been found, for example, that those with "normal" blood pressure in the lower ranges have less mortality than those with "normal" blood pressure in the higher ranges. The problem of hypertension is therefore one placed along a spectrum; morbidity and mortality increase with increasing levels of systolic or diastolic blood pressure. (Systolic blood

important in a patient's history where hypertension is of concern is a history of kidney disease, including repeated kidney infections. A careful physical examination is extremely important in patients with high blood pressure and should include careful examination of the retina or eyegrounds, heart and lung examination, assessment of the peripheral pulses, and a careful listening for abnormal vessel sounds in the chest and abdomen.

Although the cause for ninety per cent of all hypertension is unknown, still for ten per cent of those with high blood pressure there



is a cause, and that cause may well be eminently treatable. For that reason physicians dealing with hypertensive patients will want to include careful laboratory evaluation of such patients.

### Treatment

There is considerable controversy centering around which levels of hypertension should be treated with medicine. There is no question that those who have diastolic blood pressures (the lower number) of 105 millimeters or more should be treated. The aim in these patients is to get their diastolic blood pressure down to 90 millimeters of mercury or lower. The controversy centers around whether to treat those who have blood pressures between 90 and 105 millimeters of mercury. There has been no convincing proof in the medical literature that treating these people does anything to reduce the complications of high blood pressure. Most physicians will treat these patients, giving them the benefit of the doubt, especially if there are other "risk factors," such as cigarette smoking, strong family history of heart disease, diabetes, or cholesterol problems which may further add to the possibility of significant heart disease.

Therapy of high blood pressure should be

You don't say ~~~~~ ❖

### Bedazzled

Between 1904 and 1909 Dr. Charles Wilson of East Hiram was the man to call if one developed a bellyache. He would come to your house! He also had office hours at his home.

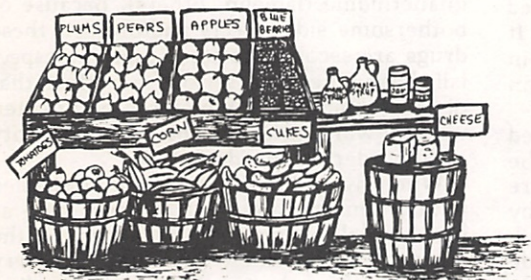
One day he bought a new halter for the convenience of his patients. He tried it to the ring of his hitching post so that it was only necessary to slip it over the horsed head and buckle the strap.

Silas McDaniels was one of his patients. Silas' means of livelihood is not well documented, but he could well have been a super-salesman, a lawyer or even a politician.

One day the doctor was watching him as he was unhitching his horse, preparatory to leaving the premises. He suddenly realized that Silas had untied the halter from the ring and was about to drive away with it.

When Silas saw the doctor approaching with fire in his eye, he said hartily: "Doc, let me show you my new halter. I just bought it today over to Lem's store. Cost me a dollar and a quarter. It's a corker ain't it?" He calmly tossed it into his wagon and drove away leaving the good doctor too flabbergasted to say a word. □

*Raymond Cotton  
Hiram*



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initiated in a conservative and deliberate fashion; there is no need to rush in with two or three drugs, especially when the high blood pressure problem is in the moderate range (90-105). Except in very severe high blood pressure, time is on the side of the patient, and we are interested in preventing long-term side effects of high blood pressure. Initial therapy for high blood pressure should always include instruction in a low-salt diet and in weight reduction if necessary. If these two measures do not result in a reduction in blood pressure, drug therapy should be started. Unless other disease processes prevent their use, diuretics or fluid pills should be the first group of drugs used to treat high blood pressure. Those drugs which are cheapest and which can be taken only once per day should be tried first. Recent evidence suggests that the longer-acting fluid pills, such as Hygroton or chlorthalidone, afford no added benefit in the control of high blood pressure, but do seem to have a higher incidence of excessive loss of potassium. Indeed, this loss of potassium or hypokalemia is the chief side effect of most diuretics. It most commonly results in those patients taking fluid pills who are also taking an excessive amount of salt. Therefore, my first suspicion, in a patient who is hypertensive and on diuretics and who has a low potassium, is that the patient is not staying on the salt-restricted diet. Hypokalemia can be quite a problem. It leads to lethargy, muscle weakness and, in those patients also taking cardiac drugs, can lead to problems of heart rhythm.

The cheapest and most commonly used diuretics with the fewest side effects are the "thiazides." Those most commonly used are hydrochlorothiazide and chlorthiazide or, by their brand names, Hydrodiuril and Diuril. More powerful diuretics such as furosemide (Lasix) should be reserved for patients who have significant kidney problems and patients who have an allergy to the common thiazide diuretics. Non-thiazide diuretics such as spironolactone (Aldactone) and triamterene (Dyazide, Dyrenium) afford no advantage over the thiazides in initial treatment of high blood pressure. These should be reserved for those patients who have allergy to thiazides or who are prone to gout. There is, actually, an inherent danger to using spironolactone and triamterene in patients who are taking other diuretics and who are taking potassium supplementation. The danger is one of excessive amounts of blood potassium, which can lead to dangerous arrhythmias. This high blood

potassium results from the potassium-conserving effect of these two diuretics, (spironolactone and triamterene). Patients who are taking these two classes of drugs and who are taking potassium supplementation need to be watched quite closely and need to have their blood potassium monitored very carefully.

When diuretics do not control the high blood pressure, the physician should add a second drug to the diuretic, rather than withdrawing the diuretic and trying something else. Most commonly, either propranolol (Inderal) or methyldopa (Aldomet) are chosen as second drugs. These drugs are usually quite effective when added to diuretic therapy and are tolerated quite well by the patient, although they do have to be taken more frequently, usually three or four times per day, and the cost of drug therapy consequently goes up. Those patients who have significant heart failure, slow pulse, or tendency to asthma will probably get into difficulty with propranolol. Methyldopa (Aldomet) has somewhat more in the way of side effects than does propranolol; these include a decreased mental alertness, some feeling of lethargy, and occasional depression. Other drugs in the same category as propranolol and methyldopa include clonidine (Catapres), reserpine (Ser-ap-es, Serpasil, others) and guanethidine (Ismelin, others). Because of bothersome side effects and/or cost, these drugs are second choices. Reserpine especially has a potentially serious side effect, that of severe depression which can occur often without warning and can be of such severity as to border on suicide.

When hypertension cannot be controlled with a diuretic and with a drug such as propranolol or methyldopa added to the diuretic, hydralazine (Apresoline) is a very common third drug added to the medical regimen. Hydralazine may occasionally aggravate an angina condition and in higher doses may produce an arthritis-like disease. Still, in lower doses, and when added to diuretics and a second drug such as propranolol, hydralazine can be extremely effective.

A word about some misconceptions over the treatment of hypertension. Meditation, or "relaxation response" which has been recently highly publicized, has been studied carefully as a possible means of controlling hypertension. The results of these studies show that this form of therapy has no effect on established high blood pressure and does not eliminate the need for drug therapy. The



second misconception concerns the length of time that a patient needs to take the drugs designed to treat high blood pressure. There is a misconception that hypertension can be "cured." This is not true. Treatment for hypertension is lifelong. Because the drugs usually cause some uncomfortable side effects and because high blood pressure generally causes no symptoms (and is aptly named the silent disease) patients quite understandably opt for discontinuing their medications. It can be quite difficult to convince someone who has no symptoms that he or she must take a drug which may cause symptoms in order to prevent more serious disease many years hence.

To summarize treatment, a thiazide diuretic should usually be the first drug tried. Many patients who have mild high blood pressure will be controlled with this,

plus diet therapy alone. If a second drug is needed, propranolol or methyldopa is the usual drug chosen. If the high blood pressure is still not controlled despite adequate salt restriction, ideal weight, and good compliance with taking the above medicines, hydralazine is then started as a third drug. This approach will control about 85% of all patients with high blood pressure, with minimal side effects. For the remaining 15%, more individualized therapy will need to be developed by the physician.

Next month we shall examine hypertensive emergencies, emergencies related to extreme high blood pressure, and some of the uncommon causes of blood pressure problems which are known. □

*Dr. Lacombe, a member of the Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group, is a member of the Stephens Memorial Health Education Project Board.*

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## You don't say

### Old Cellar Holes

Perhaps not to be compared to the tombs of the pharaohs or the excavations of a lost society, Old Cellar Holes do hold a fascination—and for various reasons.

Today's bottle hunters have become aware of the fact that once upon a time every family had its own dump—often not too far from the barn or other so called "out buildings." Surprisingly, some very interesting "artifacts" have been unearthed after the passing of several generations.

Cellar Holes began increasing after the Civil War when many young men failed to return home, not necessarily due to war casualties—but because they had "broken away," discovering new lands and deciding to settle there.

The population of some Maine towns dropped by 50 per cent. Abandoned farm stands began disappearing and our fields and orchards became overgrown with timber. Study some old geological survey maps and long forgotten roads begin to appear.

Along these roads you'll find little black squares, indicating where once the road lead to old homes, where industrious men and women worked and lived and raised large families. There were saw and grist mills, cooper shops and, naturally, one-room school houses, as the neighborhoods grew. In some instances entire settlements have disappeared, marked now only by a small cemetery of slate and marble stones and old cellar holes.

Did you ever stop to think how these cellars, with their massive stone arches were constructed before the day of the backhoe and bulldozer? It was muscle power—man and ox.

First, after the section was selected, the chimney location was marked and a deep squared hole dug, large enough to hold the split granite on which the massive brick chimney would be built. Oxen would then drag the stones across it, allowing the perpendicular stones to fall into place. Then the cap or "topping" stone was slid into place. This accomplished, the cellar was dug, and its granite wall laid up. It was no small task.

In my boyhood days, there were, within a radius of a couple of miles or so, many cellar holes, with the old houses in various stages of falling down. We explored them all and tried to visualize the days when they sheltered happy families.

There were the Archibald, Choate, Libby, Larrabee, Barker, Davis, Weeman places, to mention a few on our side of the town, and many of the old orchards were still bearing fruit. Yes, Old Cellar Holes do have a fascinating story.

*Robert Jordan Dingley  
Bridgton*





# The Home Front

## Sampling Oxford County's Wall Stencilling

by Pamela Libby



Throughout the ages, mankind has searched for ways to increase the beauty of his surroundings. As the basic needs of shelter were met, people then found ways to decorate their homes. One fairly simple and inexpensive means was to apply patterned color through the use of stencils.

The word "stencil" derives from the Old French work *estenceler*, meaning to cover with sparkles; to adorn with bright colors. The simple process of applying form to a surface through openings made in a superimposed material can easily have been the discovery of different people at different times. Some authorities say that the earliest

stencils were made in the Fiji Islands. The natives unrolled bamboo leaves which had been eaten by larvae, then forced pigment through these "stencils" onto fabric. During the 6th century A.D. stencilling was adopted in Japan. The intricately designed and cut Japanese stencils included flowers, birds and fish. The first known woodcut and stencil designs in China were of Buddha dated 845 A.D. Various unsubstantiated stories exist about stencilling in early England. In many medieval churches the three letters IHS (the first three letters of Jesus's name in Greek) were often found stencilled on the walls or rafters. During the 14th century Europe was



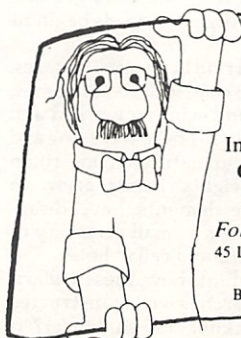
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beginning to stencil image prints with brilliant color. In the 15th century the French were stencilling walls with motifs such as quatrefoils and leaves. In England in the 16th century the Tudor rose design was used in an all-over pattern.


It is likely that American stencilmaking came from Europe. In the United States, the first use of stencilling for wall decoration is given as 1778. The first quarter of the 19th century is when most stencilled rooms appear to be done. Wall stencilling was in vogue from 1775 until 1840 and that most wall stencilling found in New England dates from 1820 to 1840.

Since no particular skill was needed for wall stencilling, homemakers could do the stencilling themselves, or hire traveling craftsmen. Probably the most famous of the itinerant craftsmen was Moses Eaton who was from Hancock, New Hampshire. He traveled from home to home to apply stencils. Dry colors usually were made from pigments from the soil or from vegetable

dyes. Patterns were cut from any heavy paper available, which was toughened with oil and paint or shellac. Leather was sometimes used from which to cut stencils. A sharp knife was an essential tool to the craftsman. Brushes for paint were round with long handles, smaller ones were used for accents of color.

For motifs of only one color, a single stencil produced the completed pattern. Others required the combination of two, three, or four (one for each color), making elaborate ornaments. Stencils could be interchanged to make many patterns from a certain number of stencils.

Once designs are chosen and the patterns cut, stencilling a wall is a simple process. Few directions are needed except to use a flat color, to keep the stencils free from paint on the under side which touches the wall surfaces, to use the paint sparingly on the brush, and to mix enough paint to complete the work in order to insure uniformity of color. Mixing the paints thinly (with skim or



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sour milk) and keeping the brushes clean is also recommended.

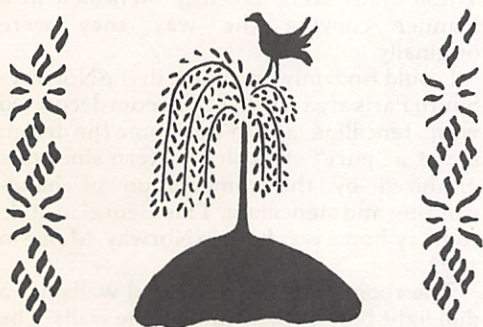
In the early American home, it was not unusual to see stencil design applied throughout an entire home. Small stencilled borders around wall bases, doors, and windows came first; then came tinted walls and contrasting patterns, wall designs becoming constantly more elaborate. Some of the original stencilled walls that are preserved today tell us that two effects were sought after. One was the elegant French drawing room with border stencils of swags, tassels, and ribbons and panels of delicate flowers and leaf sprays. This was an attempt to copy formal wallpaper designs. The second effect came from combining gay and romantic designs in clear, realistic colors. Bright red berries and hearts, crisp green leaves and vines, multicolored flower baskets with soft blue and pale yellow flowers were applied to walls in a unique manner. Each of the two effects reflects the distinct taste of early America.



Wall stencil motifs in New England include borders of flowering stems, roses, acorns, and conventionalized leaves resembling laurel. Geometric figures were also applied. Borders outlined the windows, mantels, and doors, and the corners of rooms, while deep friezes edged the ceilings. Swags with bells and heavy tassels, conventionalized maple



leaves, designs of scattered flowers, pine trees and crossed boughs, classic patterns, deep festoons with cords and pendants were motifs used. On overmantels were likely to be found birds, weeping willows, spirals, the Federal eagle, woven baskets or urns filled with flowers, pineapples, hearts, or swastikas.

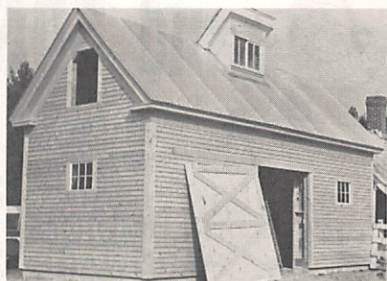


Sources of patterns were found in everyday materials or objects found in Early American homelife. Bells, flowers, acorns, leaves, stars, quarter fans and later the American Eagle, surrounded by 13 stars or more were included in the motifs used. A bride's room was a favorite place for decorations of bells, love birds and hearts. Some motifs were used to symbolize various attributes or hopes of the family. The sunburst, wave, or heart patterns suggested fertility or creation; the pineapple was a symbol of hospitality; festoons and wrapped columns symbolized spring or harvest festivals, and the weeping willow, immortality.

Stencilled designs were never shaded. Colors for the designs included black, greens, yellows, pinks, reds and occasionally red-brown, and rarely blue. Backgrounds may have been yellow and red ochres, blue and shades of rose.

Original wall stencilling dating back to the late 18th century through the mid-19th century is quite difficult to find. Some houses with this type of ornamentation have fallen into disuse and are dilapidated. Some early owners have painted or wallpapered over the designs, so the stencilling is undiscovered. However, some stencilled walls have been well taken care of and can be found by a determined searcher.

I started my search by talking with people



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who had lived in the Oxford Hills area for a number of years. Someone suggested visiting the Moses Mason House in Bethel. The Federal style house built in 1813 is in the *National Register of Historical Places in the State of Maine*. The house contains an original mural in the front hall attributed to Rufus Porter or one of his followers, but no walls were decorated with the original stencilling. These walls were recently stencilled in a manner copying the way they were originally.

I could find only one home in the Norway-South Paris area which had a room decorated with stencilling, and in this home the design is not a "pure" stencilled pattern since it is produced by the combination of hand-painting and stencilling. This Georgian style country home was built in Norway, Maine in 1792.

The room with the decorated walls has a dull light blue background on the walls. The hand-painted flowers are pink (shaded) with green (shaded) leaves and black or very dark green stems. The stencilled daisy-like flowers are yellow with brown centers. The centers appear to have been hand-painted, judging by the slight variations in the size and shape.

The wainscoting is painted white, but originally it was grained with drab green paint. Each of the seven painted wall surfaces had originally been bordered with a hand painted scroll design along the edges.

The Neighborhood House in East Sumner's business section was built in 1784 by the Robinson family as a building for community use.

The room designed as a game room, which is to the left of the front door, has walls with a bright yellow background. The stencilled designs are bright red and dark green. Each wall surface was bordered with a small stylized leaf design.

The weeping willow, woven basket of flowers, maple leaf, spray of flowers, geometric designs, and stylized swags in the frieze were among the many motifs used in this room.

Another motif used in this small section of wall between two windows is the stylized leaf design stencilled in both red and green.

A country home in Buckfield belonging to the Bessey family was composed of two adjoining sections, one was built in 1790 and the other slightly later. Both sections contain a room with the original stencilling.



In the older section, it was applied to a large room upstairs which may have served as a living room.

The walls were painted a dull orange-yellow. The paint used for the stencilled design was red and green and looked as if it had faded. The motif used was a stylized flower and leaf design. The frieze was made up of three rows of flowers, leaves and stems.

A double row of smaller flowers and leaves were used as a border on the side and lower edges of the walls.

In the newer part of the Bessey home, which contains the bedrooms, wall stencilling was applied to the walls of a very small bedroom.

The frieze design is similar to that in the older section of the house, except the colors here are much more vivid, the flowers have several "peaks" where the others have three, the spacing and leaf placement is slightly different, and the simple lower border of horizontal dashes of the frieze is much more apparent due to the strength of the green pigment.

The corner and lower border treatment is still composed of flowers and leaves, but in a different style. In this room a filling of large dark and red stylized flowers in two slightly different designs was used to complete the design.

Another country home in Buckfield, belonging to the Hicks family, has the original wall stencilling. The present owners do not know when the house was built.

The room in which the stencilling is found may have been a living room, judging from its location to the left of the front door and from the use of the pineapple motif. The background is a dull yellow or tan. The stencilled colors are bright yellow, bright red and dark green. In the frieze, a stylized red and

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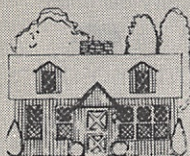
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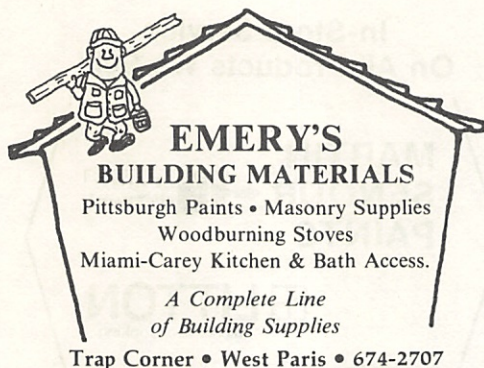
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green leaf motif is used which is very similar to that used in the Neighborhood House. This may indicate that both rooms were stencilled by the same craftsman.

Other designs used in this room include a maple leaf surrounded by wreaths of red and green leaves, a stylized sunburst, a spray of leaves, and a geometric design which is used to create a separation between rows of designs.

Designs in the overmantel include a woven basket of flowers in all three colors, a basket of fruit in green only, and a bird perched on a weeping willow which is setting on a hill which looks hand-painted, as does the basket which the flowers are in. The weeping willow here is the same as those in the Neighborhood House in East Sumner. The colorful basket of flowers is very similar to those there, too.

The woven basket of flowers design, the red and green leaf design, and the geometric design are very similar to ones used by Moses Eaton, as are the pineapple, spray of leaves, weeping willow, and geometric border. □

Libby conducted her stencilling survey in conjunction with a college history course.

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# Readers' Room

## Transfer of Equity: The Ultimate Simple Life

by James Keil

I had wanted to live in the country for I don't know how long. Life there had always had some sort of magical attraction for me. I'd take an axe over a chainsaw, a garden salad over supermarket greens; for that matter, a country store over a supermarket any time. I even enjoyed brushing my teeth by hand.

It had never been economically feasible for me to consider living in the country in Maine, however, especially with a wife and three children. Still, I'd always said, there must be a way. "A vacation in Maine might help. There must be a small business for sale....."

Being typically American, everything we owned was tied up in our house. "It's in the bricks," as my boss used to say. "If we could get our equity out of the house, we could afford a business," I said to myself. "All we have to do is sell the house," my wife replied. "What? Sell the house?" I countered, scared to death of the prospect. Still, it got me to thinking.

The house was only two years old, and, being the handyman that I am, everything was shipshape and in top running condition, so it was

investigated the situation, made a few phone calls, and determined that the well needed a new control. Being as handy as I am, this would not ordinarily have been a problem. But the cellar was flooding. Ordinarily this wouldn't have been a problem either, except that the sump died under the strain, too. It's amazing how quickly a cellar can flood when the sump pump quits, especially when the sanitary sewer clogs and begins backing up at the same time.

When the phone rang, it was the real estate agent, calling to make an appointment to show the house. With three feet of water and, Lord knows what else, floating in our cellar, we said we'd take a rain check on the visit. Besides, we were busy salvaging what we could from the flood waters.

One whole bookcase had been flooded, and the books soaked. Just that week, "Dear Heloise" had said that wet books could be dried out in a warm oven. It made a lot of sense, so my wife proceeded to put the books into a warm oven, while I waded back into the swamp to try to clear the drain. Ordinarily, I'd have had that drain open in no time, but this time the water, and all that was rising

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**"Many times friends have asked whether it was worth it to throw away a comfortable home and life style, a good management job with an excellent salary and an expense account to live in the mountain country of Maine with its cold, snowy winters and depressed economy . . . the answer has to be . . . Maybe."**

---

primed for a quick sale and a good profit. The idea of moving to Maine was beginning to sound feasible.

Feasible, that is, until we got back from vacation and actually put the old homestead on the market. Everyone knows you cannot completely submerge an electric frying plan when you wash it. It even says so on the handle in big, red letters. I had wondered about this the first time I heard about one of these new submersible well pumps, which was when we bought the house and found out we had one. How could they be electric, yet operate under water?

Well, mine stopped operating the day we signed the for sale contract with the real estate agent. I

with it from the sewer, was gaining on me. That was about the time I heard my wife scream that the house was on fire. Well, fortunately, it really wasn't the house, only all the books in the oven.

You see, Heloise knew that the biggest part of her trick in drying out wet books was to turn the warm oven OFF, before inserting the books, and we didn't (at least, not until it was too late).

Seeing the oven full of smoke and flames, I glad to have a dry powder extinguisher on hand for just such an emergency. It was the first time I had ever used a dry chemical extinguisher, and even though I'm sure the label said how much powder it contained, two pounds of powder is a lot of powder, especially when it's all inside your oven,

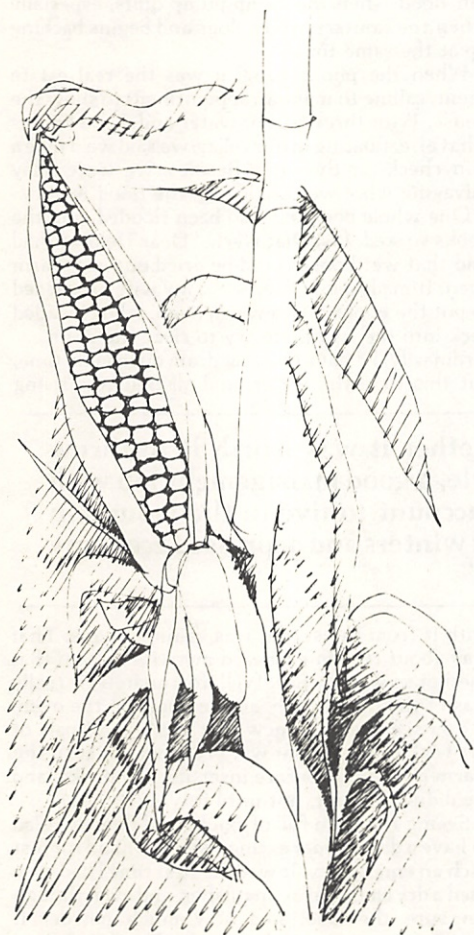


and your house is up for sale, and the oven goes with the house.

Repairing the well, and the mess of the flood seemed insignificant, indeed, by the time the day came for the movers to arrive. The mover needed some temporary help, since this was his busy season, so he drew upon the local labor supply to help pack our belongings.

Normally, this would have presented no problems. However, when two of the four helpers who showed up got into an immediate argument over which cup of coffee had two sugars in it, I began to wonder.

My suspicions were confirmed just before lunch, when I happened to glance out the dining room window in time to see the smaller of the two, balanced precariously on an antique end table, switchblade knife in hand, free arm thrust upward in the manner of D'Artagnon, while the larger leaped at him from our living room couch,



swinging wildly with the leg from our Italian Provincial dining table. The other two shouted obscenities and encouragement from the comparative safety of the inside of the truck.

I've heard that the Good Lord protects babies and drunks, and he seems to take pretty good care of drunken moving men, too, because nobody got hurt, and the only real damage done was to the dining table leg, which broke off neatly about two inches from the end.

The temporaries and the regulars got a police escort home that night, and in the morning, I fired the movers and hired two do-it-yourself vans. The only problem with do-it-yourself vans is that you have to do it yourself. A system which works much better if you're a helper rather than the owner of that which is being done yourself. Plenty of friends volunteered to help with the heavy things. There were at least six of us wrestling the huge, upright freezer, which was still full of frozen food which I refused to leave behind, and which was strapped to a dolly, up the loading ramp and onto the back of the truck.

When the wheel slipped over the edge of the narrow loading ramp, good samaritanism and ownership came to a parting of the ways. Most of my friends scattered, too. They all dove for cover, Bill under the truck, Joe in the bushes. Jim headed toward the refrigerator. "Whew. I need a beer," he said as he was leaving me, the owner, alone to grapple with the falling freezer.

Somehow, I managed to recover enough leverage to catch the freezer on the edge, and get it back upright. I'm not as tall as I used to be, and I've lost my taste for frozen food as a result.

Many times since then, friends have asked whether it was worth it to throw away a comfortable home and life style, a good management job with an excellent salary and an expense account to live in the mountain country of Maine with its cold, snowy winters, and depressed economy.

There are days when my answer would be a resounding **no**; days like the day the dog started a fight with a skunk, or the day the furnace failed the night before the temperature plummeted to 40 below with 25 mile-an-hour winds, and the pipes froze. Or the night the dog surprised a bear in the garage. Or the time my car skidded on ice in the driveway and I made a new door into the garage. Or the night we were skating on the lake and the ice cracked. Or the day the dog got into a fight with a porcupine. Or even the second day the dog got into a fight with the skunk.

Still, life in the country is like life anywhere. There has to be a bottom line. Life in the country may be hard, but it's honest, and the air is clear. As I sit here reflecting on the change in my life, typing downhill because the dining room table still slants toward the short leg, the answer has to be . . . Maybe. □

*Keil purchased the Naples Bootery three years ago. He and his family live at Naples.*



# Hold on to your Buttons

by Otta Louise Chase

You may not know what became of Grandmother's button bag. You may not have access to the treasured old boxes that might yield rare and antique buttons. You may not be in a financial position to purchase such buttons even if you knew where to do so, but you CAN have a button collection if you wish.

Anyone can go into Woolworth's, Kresge's or other department stores and find a notion counter where buttons are sold. In the larger cities you may find buttons that are particularly attractive. Some of the new shopping malls have stores that feature only buttons, dress trimmings and notions. Believe it or not, I even found a card of gold and silver plastic buttons showing a knight in armor on a prancing steed in, of all places, the A and P.

Don't let anyone discourage you by telling you that modern buttons are not collectable. In the first place, a collection is **anything** dear to the heart of the collector, even if it is only a jar of live bloodsuckers (of which my seven year old granddaughter is very proud).

In the second place, some of the buttons made today are of excellent design and material. Look, for instance, at the moonstone, aurora and

from friends you can get railroad bus line, airplane personnel, state seal and military service buttons. They make impressive displays.

If you are lucky enough to correspond with people overseas, they will often be glad to send a few buttons when they write. A great many of my choice buttons are friendly gifts from my foreign pen pals. A few even came from behind the Iron Curtain.

For me most of the fun is in the arrangement of my buttons. I use 9 by 12 inch cardboards for mounting them. I get the cardboard or posterboard at the local newspaper office in large sheets and cut it down to size. From one large sheet I get five cards. These posterboards come in a variety of colors, including black and white, and the price varies depending upon desired thickness and color.

Sometimes I decorate these cards with fancy lettering, a drawing, a geometrical design, or simply mark it off in squares or circles. Even if you are unable to draw a straight line, you can look through the magazines for an appropriate illustration to match the buttons to be mounted. The display is much more interesting to the viewer if the buttons are placed on the cards in a

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**"Today's modern buttons will be tomorrow's antiques. If you gather them in now, the future will find your collection a veritable treasure trove."**

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rainbow luster glass made in Western Germany. It would be difficult to find anything more lovely. There are many "picture" buttons in both real metal and plastic metal. Some of the plastics imitate other material so well that it is hard to tell them apart, and what gay colors and intricate patterns they have. Some of today's manufacturers are duplicating many of the enchanting antique buttons.

Such buttons are not at all expensive and those in the specialty shops may be purchased by the dozen, the card or singly at a very reasonable price. There is a big company in New York, Blumenthal's, where you can buy modern buttons by the pound, and you get a grand assortment of all types of modern buttons. Often on the counters of the "five and ten cent" stores one finds a bowl or box of loose buttons that have fallen from the original cards. These can be bought for as little as five cents each. A button collector learns to watch for such bargains. By getting a few at a time and swapping with other collectors, your own collection will slowly begin to expand.

Of course, you could concentrate on uniform buttons as many men like to do. By trading, and

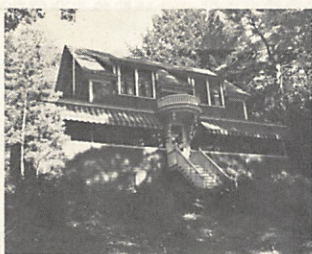
spacious and orderly manner and not crowded together as many of the old-time collectors of buttons were wont to do.

Since I use only one button of each kind, there are not often enough to fill all the places I have planned. Occasionally I am aware that there are buttons of the same sort in different sizes or colors, so, when building a card, I leave empty holes for these buttons, hoping to run across the missing examples in the future. These spaces really give me an incentive to locate the buttons on my next button shopping trip.

All the ancient hard-to-find buttons were at one time quite the fashion and modern. It is the passage of time that has given them the prestige of being antiques, and time is **always** passing! Who knows which of the buttons being manufactured today will be the most diligently sought for in the years ahead? Today's modern buttons will be tomorrow's antiques. If you gather them in now, the future will find your collection a veritable treasure trove. ❧

*Otta Louise Chase houses her button collection in Sweden, where she lives and serves as Town Clerk.*





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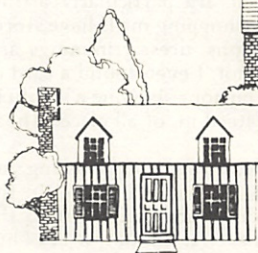
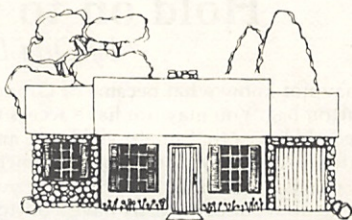


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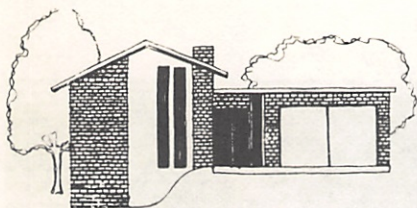
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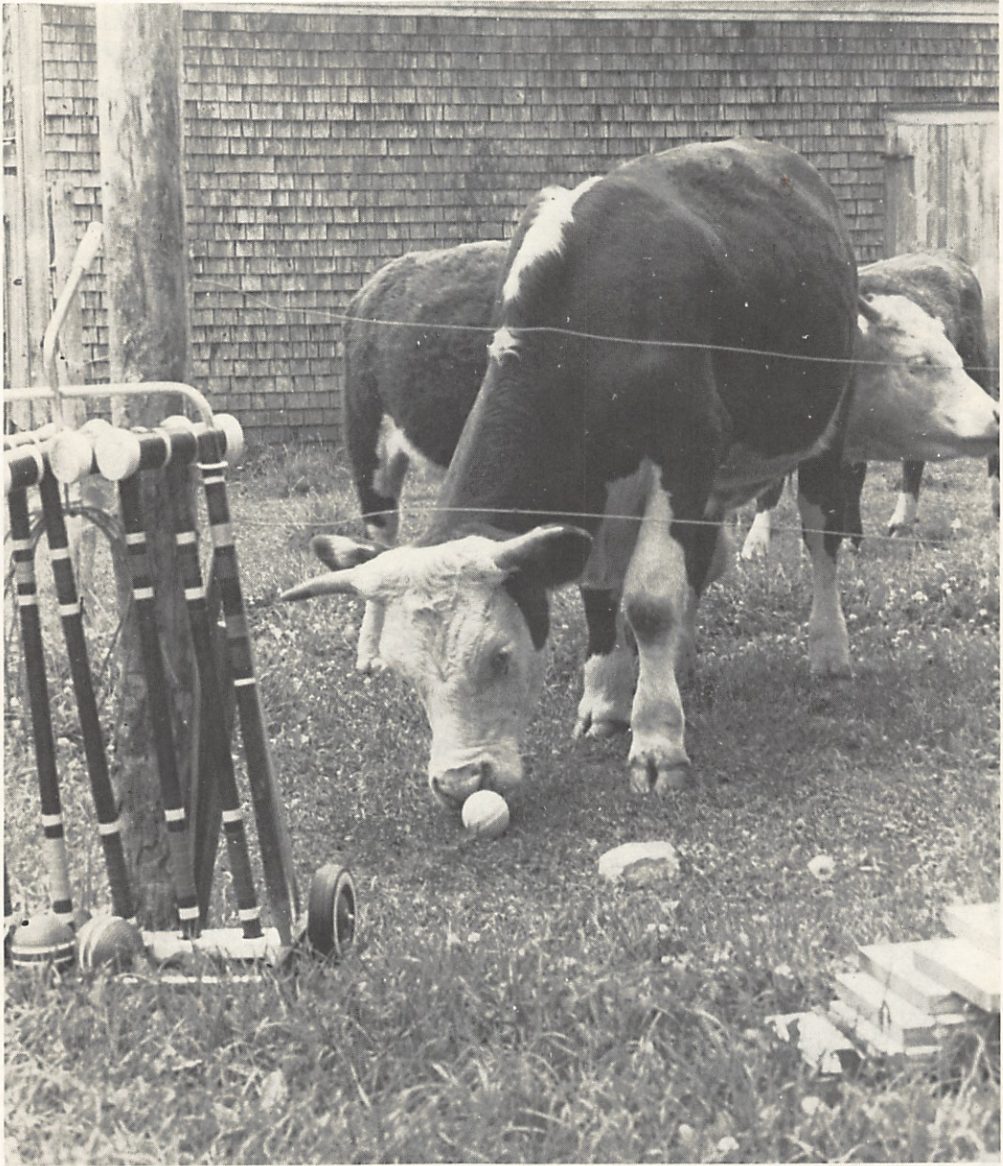
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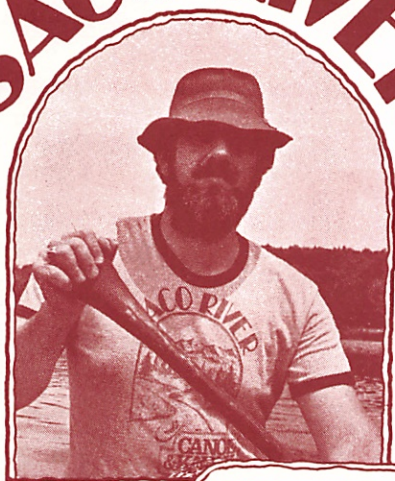
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16th	Saturday	7:30 p.m.	Regular Race
23rd	Saturday	7:30 p.m.	Regular Race
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